

SOLDIERS of FORTUNE

FIGHTING YANKS WAGE WAR!

10¢



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a
ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!

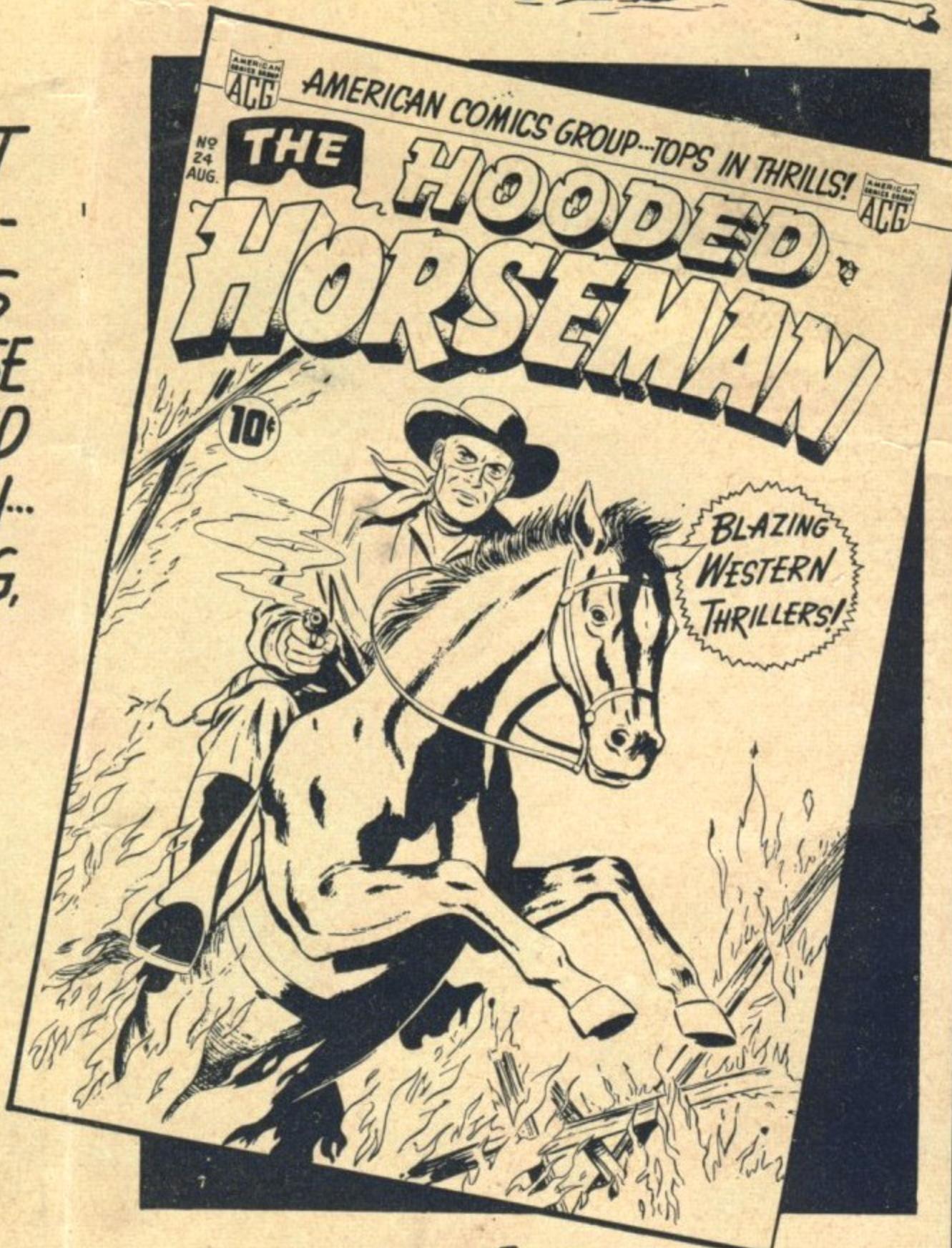


You'll GASP AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...
don't miss

THE HOODED
HORSEMAN!



10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

The COLONEL and the COWARD



ASK ANY VET OF THE KOREAN WAR ABOUT **COLONEL STRICKLAND**, AND HE'LL TELL YOU THE OLD RAMROD WAS THE TOUGHEST, ORNIEST, BUT THE BRAVEST BATTALION COMMANDER IN THE FIELD! SOME WILL SAY THE COLONEL WAS HEARTLESS IN SENDING HIS OWN SON OUT TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH... BUT THE COLONEL WOULD HAVE SAID "THE ARMY'S NOT FOR COWARDS!"

YES, IN THE EARLY DISASTROUS DAYS OF DEFEAT, THE COLONEL WAS RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT ALL... TAKING CHANCES IN THAT FEARLESS WAY OF HIS!

COLONEL... GET DOWN! THOSE BULLETS ARE WHIPPING ALL AROUND YOU!

BAH... SOMEONE'S GOT TO FIND OUT THE STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY RECONNAISSANCE FORCE! PASS THE WORD DOWN THE LINE... WE'RE GETTING READY TO ATTACK!



AND WHAT A STICKLER FOR DISCIPLINE! HE NEVER ADMITTED ANY WEAKNESS IN HIMSELF... AND HE JUST WOULDN'T ALLOW ANY WEAKNESS IN HIS TROOPS!

I... I GUESS I WAS ASLEEP ON SENTRY DUTY, SIR... BUT I... I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN FOUR DAYS!

AND I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN TEN! THERE'S NO ROOM IN THIS ARMY FOR SLACKERS... JUST AS THERE'S NO PLACE IN IT FOR COWARDS! I'M SENDING YOU UP FOR COURT-MARTIAL... MAYBE YOU'LL DO YOUR SLEEPING IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD!

WHEN COLONEL STRICKLAND WAS ORDERED TO TAKE A POSITION, HE TOOK IT, ---REGARDLESS OF THE COST, FOR THE MEN WERE MORE AFRAID OF THE MAN BEHIND THEM THAN THE ENEMY IN FRONT OF THEM!

KEEP GOIN'! OLD STRICK SAID WE GOTTA TAKE THIS HILL ...OR DIE TRYIN'!



WHEN THE REDS WERE FINALLY DRIVEN OFF HILL 743 ...

ABLE AND CHARLEY COMPANIES ARE PRACTICALLY WIPE OUT, SIR!

BUT THE REDS ARE **COMPLETELY WIPE** OUT ...SO IT WAS **WORTH IT!** CALL DIVISIONAL HQ AND ASK 'EM FOR RE-PLACEMENTS!



HAW...LOOKIT THE GREEN DOGFACES! WAIT'LL THEY GET A TASTE OF OLD MAN STRICKLAND!

COL. STRICKLAND! IS HE GONNA BE OUR NEW C.O. OH, MY **ACHIN' BACK!**

I'VE HEARD OF **HIM...** AND OH, **BROTH-ERR!**



I KNOW YOU MEN HAVE NEVER BEEN IN BATTLE BEFORE ---AND THERE MAY BE A FEW YELLOW-BELLIES AMONG YOU! BUT BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL ALL BE EITHER **LIVE HEROES...** OR DEAD **COARDS!** BUT I CAN SEE BY YOUR FACES THAT YOU'RE ALL **FIGHTERS...**!



BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE COLONEL'S EYES ROVED OVER THE MEN ...

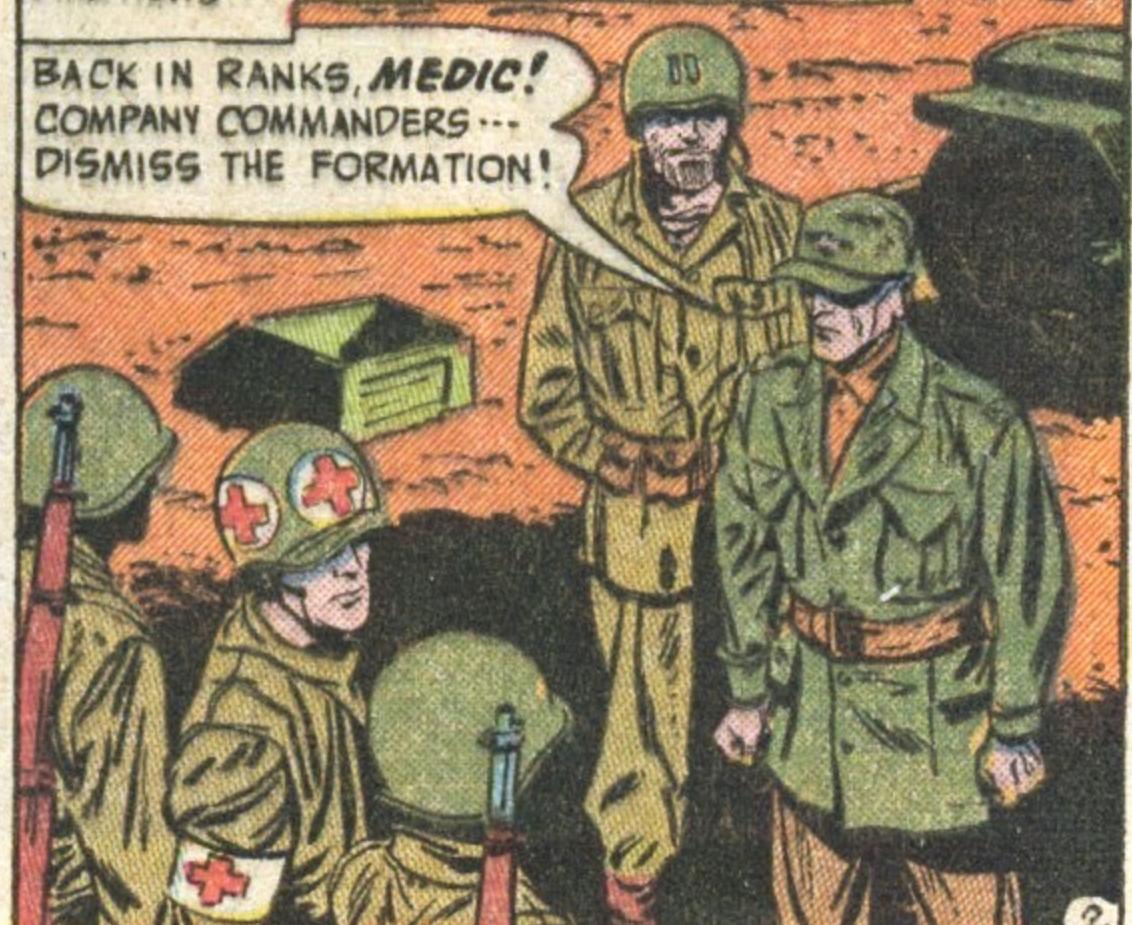
WHY... **DANNY!**

D-DAD!



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, IT LOOKED AS IF THE COLONEL WAS GOING TO OPEN HIS ARMS FOR A HEARTFELT EMBRACE ---BUT THEN, AS HE REGAINED CONTROL OF HIS EMOTIONS...

BACK IN RANKS, **MEDIC!** COMPANY COMMANDERS --- DISMISS THE FORMATION!



SO DANNY STRICKLAND
IS THE COLONEL'S
SON!

YEAH, I HEARD THE OLD BOY
WANTED DANNY TO GO TO WEST
POINT...BUT DANNY SAYS HE'S
AGAINST KILLING! THAT'S WHY
HE VOLUNTEERED FOR THE
MEDICS!

I UNDERSTAND
THE COLONEL DIS-
INHERITED HIM FOR
BEING A COWARD...
THEY HAVEN'T BEEN
ON SPEAKING
TERMS FOR
YEARS!

THAT NIGHT, IN THE BATTALION COMMAND POST...

I WANT A COMPANY PATROL
SENT OUT INTO SECTOR 8-J
TONIGHT! IT WILL PENETRATE
ENEMY LINES AS FAR AS
POSSIBLE AND FIND OUT
THE LOCATION AND NATURE
OF THE RED DEFENSES!
AND...**USE COMPANY
C!**

BUT SIR...CHARLIE
COMPANY IS THE ONE
YOUR **SON** IS
ATTACHED TO! AND
SECTOR 8-J IS THE
STRONGEST POINT
OF THE RED DEFENSE
LINE...

BLAST IT...DON'T YOU THINK I **KNOW** THAT?
THAT'S EXACTLY **WHY** I'M SENDING CHARLIE
COMPANY...I'M NOT GOING TO BE ACCUSED OF
FAVORITISM, OR SHELTERING MY SON! THERE
MAY BE HEAVY CASUALTIES, BUT THE INFOR-
MATION THE PATROL SECURES WILL BE
WORTH IT! NOW GET OUT...AND EXECUTE
MY ORDERS!

Y...YES,
SIR!

CHARLIE
COMPANY
... FALL
OUT!

I...I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT
ONCE AND FOR ALL WHETHER
MY BOY IS A COWARD...I'VE
GOT TO **KNOW**!

THAT NIGHT, IN THE SHELL-POCKED
NO-MAN'S-LAND BETWEEN THE OPPONDING
LINES...

SPREAD OUT...AND
DON'T SHOOT UNLESS
YOU'RE FIRED UPON!
PASS THE WORD
ALONG!

SPREAD
OUT...!

AN HOUR LATER, DEEP INSIDE ENEMY
LINES...

THE GOIN' IS A LITTLE
TOO EASY! WOULD THE
REDS LET US GET SO FAR
...UNLESS THEY'RE LETTING
US WALK INTO A
TRAP!

SUDDENLY...

MACHINE
GUNS! HIT
THE DIRT!

UGH!

RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT!

THEY'VE GOT US SURROUNDED...IT WAS A TRAP! WE CAN HOLD 'EM OFF FOR A WHILE FROM BEHIND THESE ROCKS...BUT THE BOYS DOWN THE SLOPE DON'T HAVE ANY COVER!

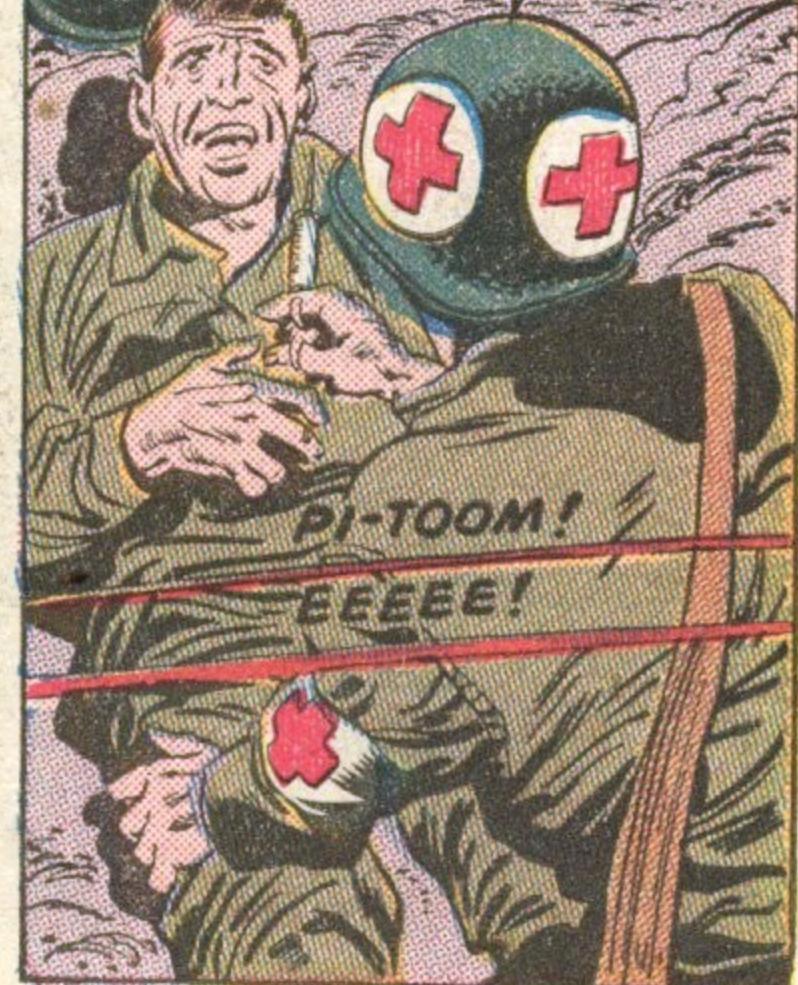
THEY MUST BE SUFFERING HEAVY CASUALTIES...I...I'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE AND HELP THE WOUNDED!

POW
POW
POW!
BRAT
TAT
TAT!

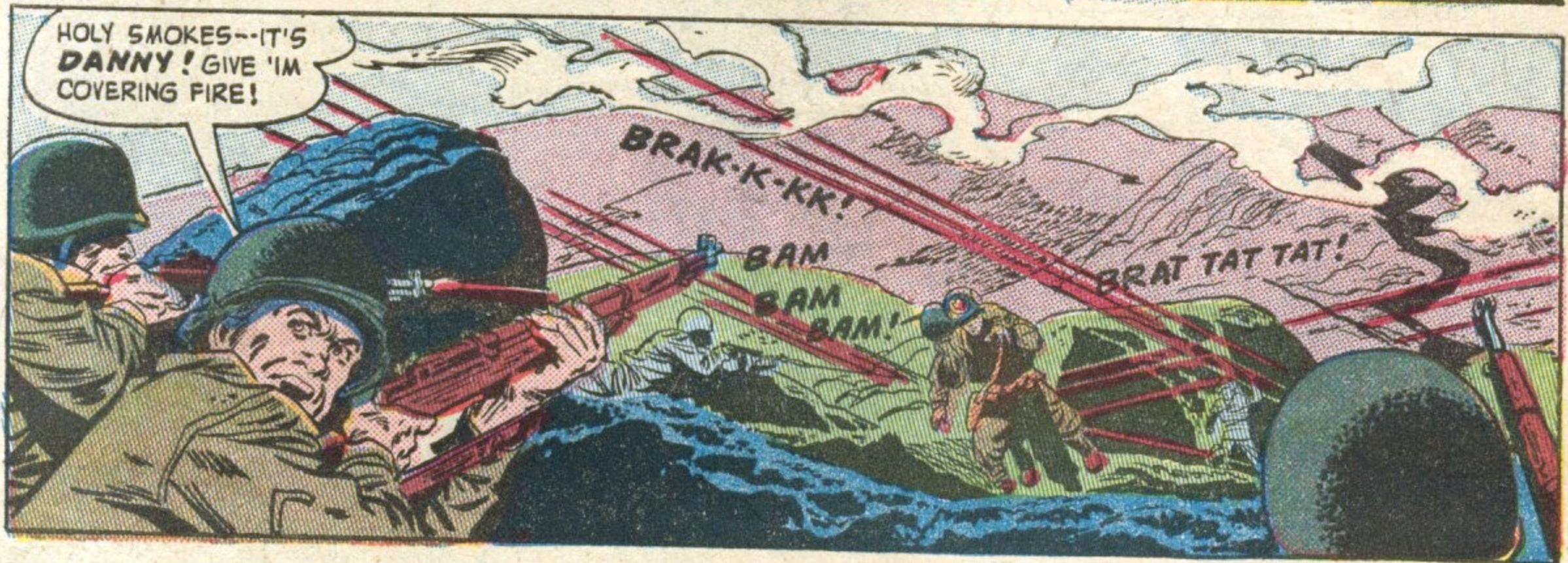
THEN, AS IF OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGER...



DANNY...HELP ME! STEADY, BOY... MY LEG...GASP! THIS MORPHINE IT'S KILLIN' ME! UNTIL I CAN GET YOU BACK TO SAFETY BEHIND THOSE ROCKS UP THE SLOPE!



HOLY SMOKE--IT'S DANNY! GIVE 'IM COVERING FIRE!



YOU'RE NOT GOIN' OUT THERE AGAIN, ARE YUH, DANNY? YOU'D BE CRAZY...YOU WERE LUCKY ONCE... BUT IT'S SUICIDE TO PRESS YOUR LUCK!

I'M NOT THINKING OF MYSELF...THOSE POOR WOUNDED GUYS OUT THERE NEED ME!



AND SO, ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, MEDIC DANNY STRICKLAND BRAVED THE WITHERING HAIL OF ENEMY FIRE TO BRING AID AND SUCCOR TO BULLET-TORN BUDDIES...AND AS THE SUN FINALLY ROSE OVER THE BLOODY BATTLEFIELD...

ACCURSED YANKEES STILL FIGHT...BRING UP MORTARS!



MORTARS... THEY'RE ZEROING US IN! WE'RE TOO LOW ON AMMO TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT... AND THE HELP WE RADIOED FOR DOESN'T SEEM TO BE COMING... SO AS SOON AS WE FIRE OUR LAST BULLET, WE'LL HAVE TO SURRENDER!



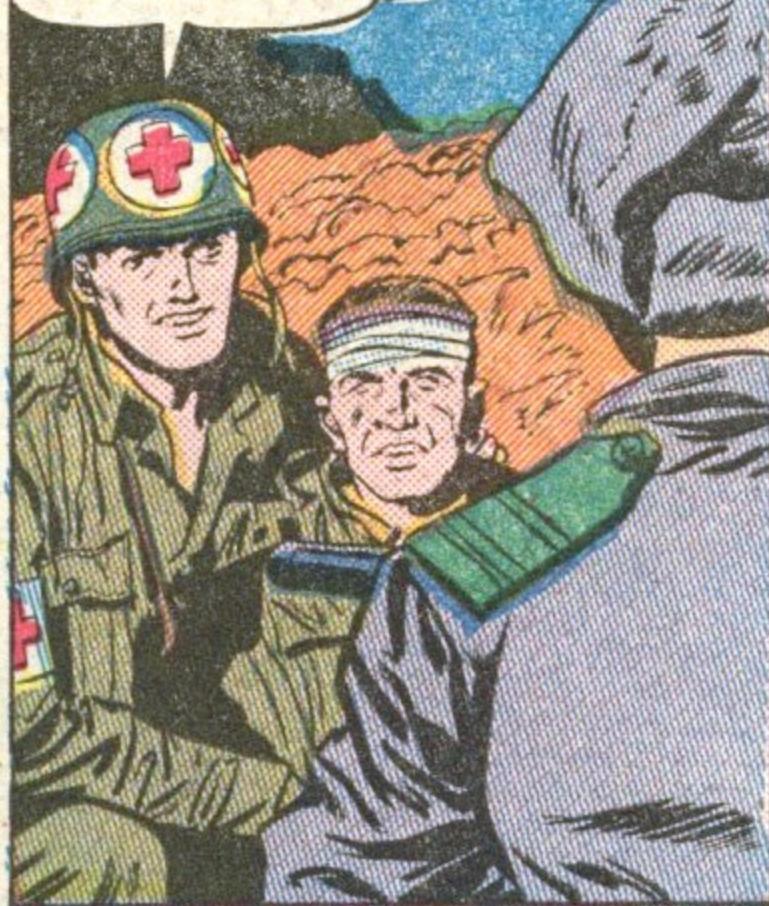
MINUTES LATER...

CEASE FIRE! WHITE FLAG... YANKEES SURRENDER! LET THEM APPROACH... WE SHOOT THEM SOON LIKE DOGS!



WE'VE GOT SOME BADLY WOUNDED MEN HERE! UNDER THE TERMS OF THE GENEVA CONVENTION REGARDING WAR PRISONERS, I REQUEST THAT YOU RUSH THESE MEN TO YOUR FIELD HOSPITALS FOR IMMEDIATE TREATMENT!

WE GIVE THEM IMMEDIATE TREATMENT... NOW!



WHY YOU ROTTEN...



I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR... BUT I'M AN EVEN GREATER OBJECTOR TO MURDER!



AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH MURDERERS... EXTERMINATION!



DANNY'S ACTIONS HAD TWO IMMEDIATE EFFECTS... THE RED SOLDIERS WHIRLED TOWARD HIM, FORGETTING THE OTHER AMERICAN PRISONERS... AND THE GIs WHIRLED ON THE REDS!

IF DANNY CAN DO IT, SO CAN WE!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK...HERE
COMES THE HELP
WE RADIOED
FOR!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BANG!

CRACK!

BANG!

AS THE U.S. TANK AND INFANTRY RESCUE TEAM PUNCHED UP
THE SLOPE...

CAPTAIN...
WHERE'S
MY SON?

WHEREVER THE FIGHTING'S
THE THICKEST, COLONEL,
THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND
HIM!

DON'T STOP SHOOTING
TO LOOK AROUND, SON
...BUT IT'S ME!

DAD!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
COME UP HERE, DAD
...YOU'RE TOO IM-
PORTANT TO RISK
YOUR LIFE THIS
WAY!

DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT
ME...
OHMM!

ZZ IN GGG!

IT...IT LOOKS
PRETTY BAD,
DAD! BUT
YOU'LL BE...

I...I DON'T MIND
GOING...GASP!...
NOW THAT I KNOW
I'M LEAVING A
FIGHTING SON
ON THE FIELD! A...
A CHIP OFF THE
OLD BLOCK! SO
LONG...**SOLDIER!**

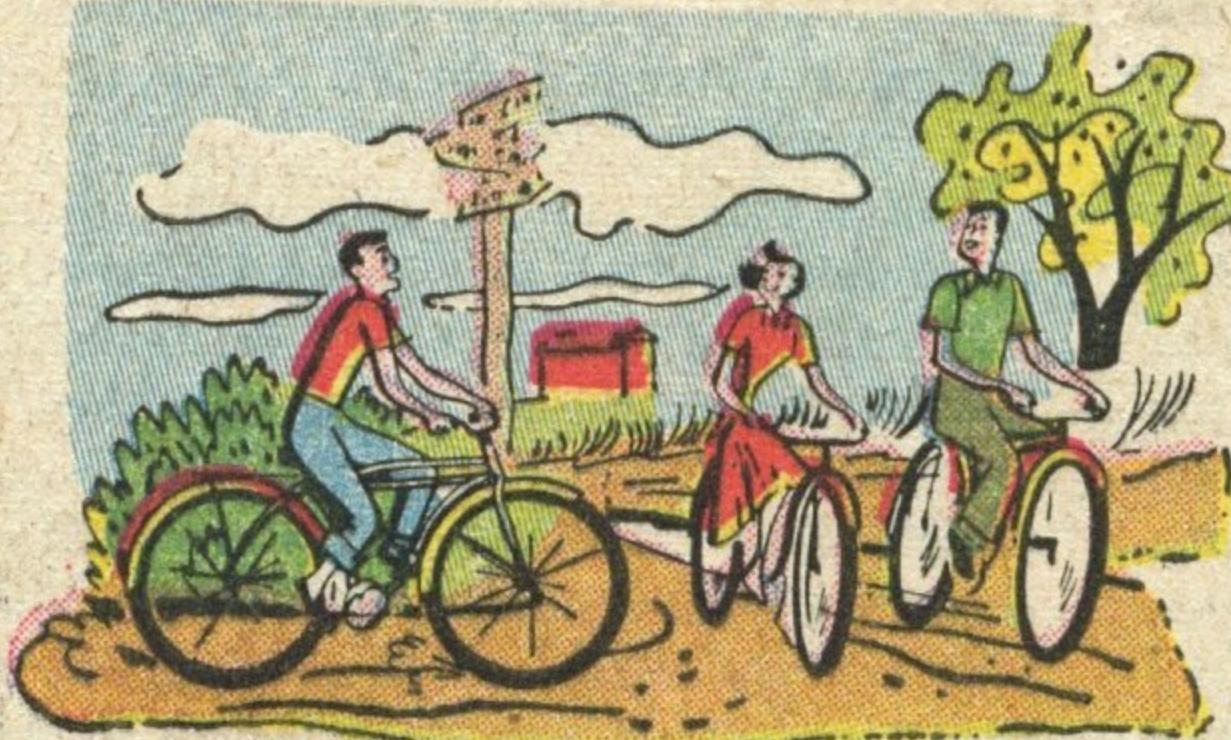
YAHOOO!
LOOK AT
THOSE
REDS
RUN!

SO LONG, DAD!
NOW THAT I'VE
SEEN THE KIND
OF ENEMY WE'RE
FIGHTING, I...I AM
GOING TO BE A
FIGHTING SOLDIER
...A CHIP OFF
THE OLD BLOCK!

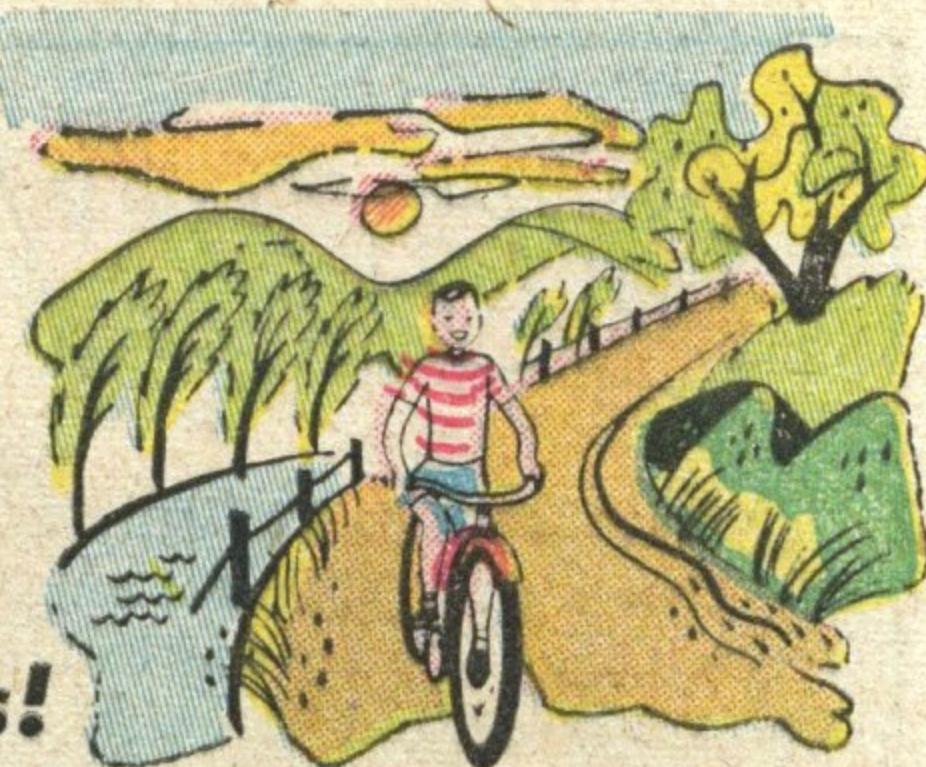
THE END!
G.

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**U.S. ROYAL
CHAIN**

BICYCLE TIRES

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BORN LEADER

FIRST SERGEANT CHUCK Masters blew a cloud of smoke contentedly at the ceiling, as he lay flat on his back in the Tokyo General Hospital, recovering from shrapnel wounds in his back. For a while the doctors had thought he might not pull through, that perhaps he would be crippled for life, but with great care, and a lot of luck, Chuck was well on the road to recovery. Funny, he thought, looking at the blossoming cherry trees outside his ward...but I'm not sure I *want* to recover!

He remembered vividly the bitter months of fighting in Korea, particularly the fierce slaughter the newspapers called "The Battle of Bloody Ridge." Chuck had seen three lieutenants killed, and each time it had been his own extraordinary courage and ability which had pulled the platoon out of a hazardous spot. "A born troop leader," his silver star citation read, "proven gallantry in action." But what did *that* mean to him? It would only be a matter of time before anybody got it, and...well, it was a miracle that he was still alive.

The medics, he thought bitterly...they want to fix me up just so they can get me back in action, leading another batch of guys into the teeth of enemy fire. But I've done my share, let the stateside boys take over from now on. *I'm going home!*

Back injuries were tricky affairs, he knew. No doctor in the world could definitely say that his back did *not* pain him. Chuck was going to play it smart; he was going to scream like murder when they tested him again, just in case anybody had any idea of sending him back to the lines.

Just then a team of nurses and doctors wheeled a new patient into the room, and deposited him in the bed next to Chuck's. "You're okay now, soldier," said a doctor. "We'll have you out of here in no time."

The new patient mumbled thanks and looked about. Suddenly, when his eyes came to rest on Chuck, the flat expression in his eyes disappeared. "Hey, *serge!*" he shouted. "Chuck Masters, you old galoot...I never thought I'd lay eyes on you again!"

Chuck looked at him quizzically, then, recognizing him, he shouted, equally excited, "Bud Mulligan! I'll be darned... I never thought I'd see you again either!" The two men practically fell into each other's arms. Mulligan had been a rifleman in Chuck's platoon, one of the new kids sent up to replace an oldtimer who'd been knocked off. Mulligan looked at the platoon sergeant with a trace of hero-worship. "The platoon wasn't the same without you, *serge!*" he said. "All the guys kept wondering about you, how you were. They can't wait till you get back to show the way, like you always did."

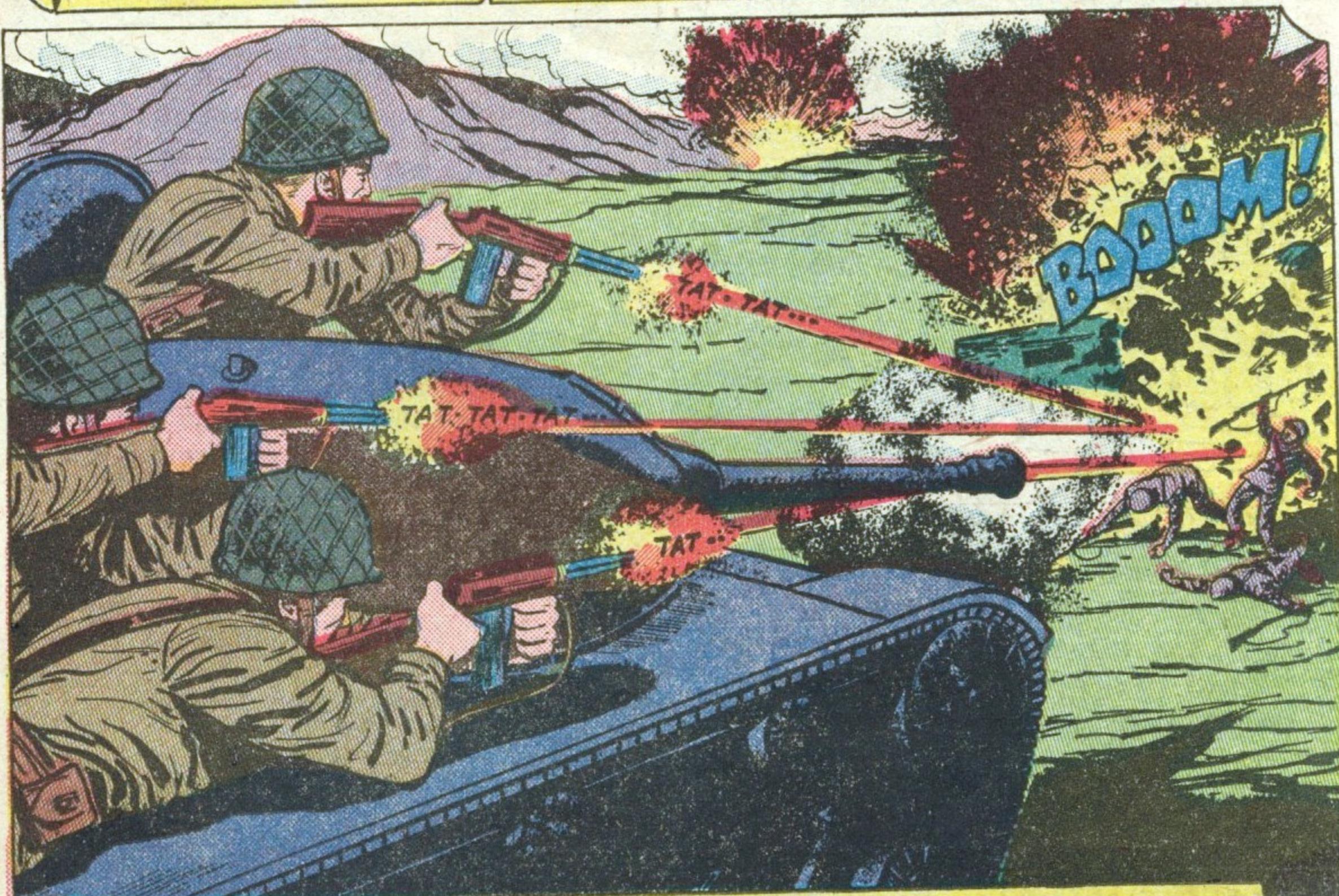
"Sure, sure," muttered Chuck, turning away self-consciously. "They got along without me well enough, I'll bet."

"No they didn't," insisted Bud. "You're a born troop leader, *serge*. They *need* guys like you."

"Aw, shut up!" sputtered Chuck. Mulligan looked at him, an expression of hurt in his eyes. "Okay," he said. "If that's the way you feel."

Chuck brooded, saw himself in action again...leading the men against the Reds. "Cripes," he thought, "I'd almost forgotten about them." He felt a surge of anger creep along his healing back. And then he thought of the fighting, and all the ways that a man could be killed, and then of all the ways he knew of avoiding just that on the field of battle. "I may be a rat," he said, half-aloud. "But I'm not that much of a rat! Those guys out there *need* me...and that's just where I'm going to be...just as soon as I get out of here!"

COMBAT ACE



WHEN AN ACE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE LIKE ACE CARTER TURNS HIS TWO-FISTED ATTENTION FROM THE TREASURE-FIELDS OF THE WORLD TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF KOREA, IT'S GOOD NEWS FOR LOVERS OF ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE--AND BAD NEWS FOR THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY WHO ARE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO CROSS CAPTAIN ACE CARTER'S PATH!

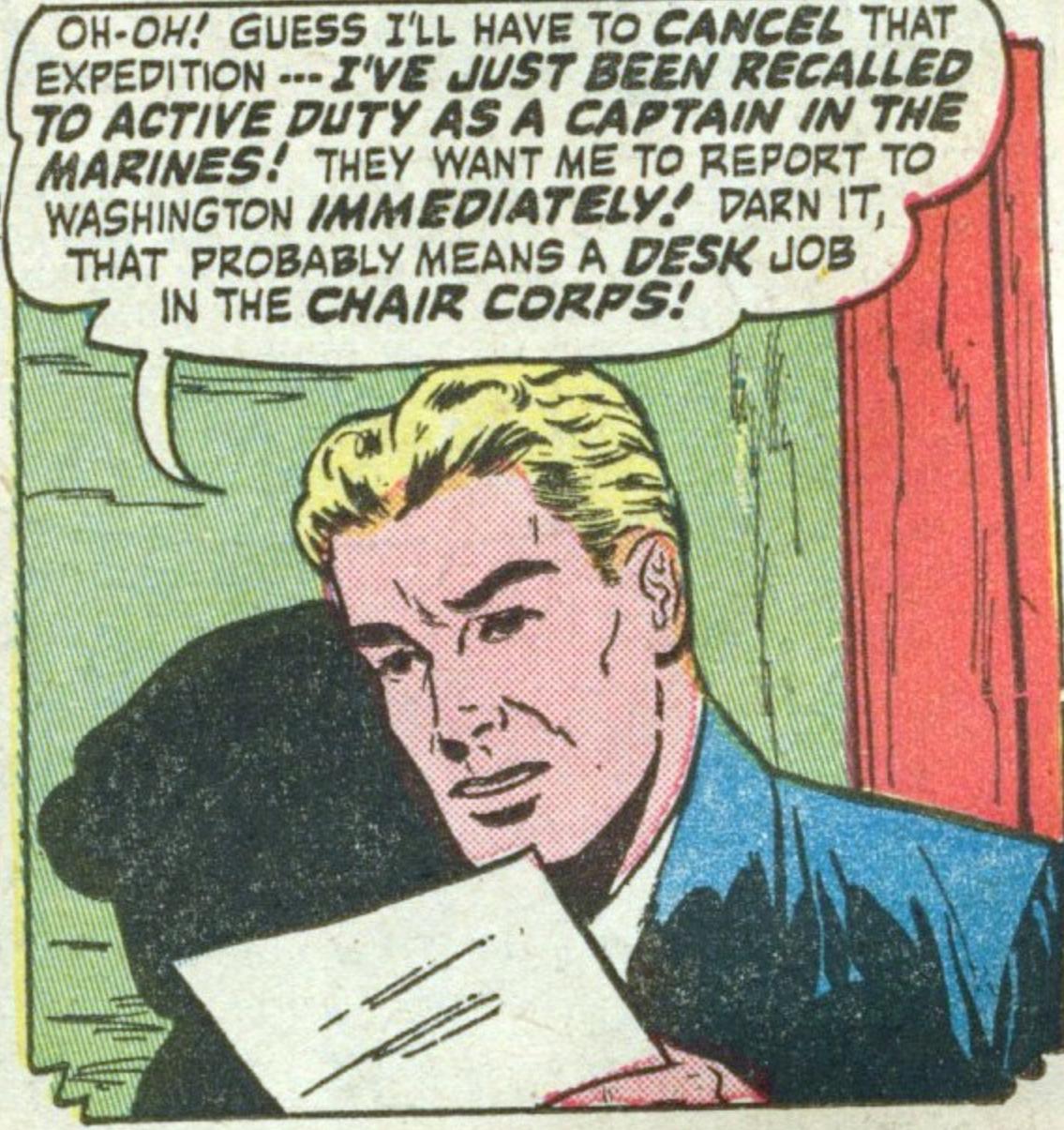
AT THE EXPLORER'S CLUB IN NEW YORK...

SO LONG, ACE!... IF I DO, I'LL ERECT
HOPE YOU FIND A NEW BUILDING
THAT LOST CITY FOR THE CLUB--

OUT OF
GOLDEN
INGOTS!

TELEGRAM
FOR YOU,
MR. CARTER!

OH-OH! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CANCEL THAT EXPEDITION --- I'VE JUST BEEN RECALLED TO ACTIVE DUTY AS A CAPTAIN IN THE MARINES! THEY WANT ME TO REPORT TO WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY! DARN IT, THAT PROBABLY MEANS A DESK JOB IN THE CHAIR CORPS!



BUT TWO DAYS LATER, IN WASHINGTON...

WHY AM I ASSIGNED
TO KOREA, GENERAL ---
AT THIS LATE STAGE
OF THE WAR?

BECAUSE WE WANT
YOU TO COMMAND A
MISSION OF VITAL IMPORTANCE
IN KOREA! YOU SEE, DURING
THE PLUNDERING OF SEOUL BY
THE REDS, **HALF A BILLION**
DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD
AND GEMS WERE STOLEN
FROM THE SOUTH KOREAN
TREASURY -- AND AN EXPERIENCED
FORTUNE-HUNTER LIKE YOU WOULD
NATURALLY HAVE A BETTER CHANCE
OF RETRIEVING THAT TREASURE!

WE THOUGHT THE LOOT ALREADY IN RED CHINA --
BUT ONLY RECENTLY WE LEARNED THAT THE
FORTUNE IS STILL BURIED SOMEWHERE IN NORTH
KOREA! A COMMUNIST PRISONER CONFESSED
THAT HE HELPED CART THE TREASURE AWAY
WHEN THE REDS RETREATED NORTH! BUT IT
SEEMS THAT THEY WERE CUT OFF BY OUR
PARATROOPERS, AND HAD TO **BURY THE LOOT**
SO THAT THEY COULD FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT!
HOWEVER, THE WHOLE GROUP WAS KILLED
AND HE ALONE
WAS TAKEN
PRISONER!



THE PRISONER SAYS HE'LL REVEAL THE
TREASURE SITE IF WE RELEASE HIM
AFTERWARD! THAT GOLD WOULD HELP
THE SOUTH KOREAN GOVERNMENT
IMMENSELY -- SO WE DECIDED TO SEND
AN ACE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE LIKE
ACE CARTER TO LEAD A PICKED
GROUP OF MARINES BEHIND THE
RED LINES AND FIND OUT IF THAT
PRISONER IS TELLING THE TRUTH!
SOUND INTERESTING?

DOES IT?
WOW!
KOREA, HERE
I COME!



A WEEK LATER, IN A PRISONER-OF-
WAR CAMP IN SOUTH KOREA ...

THIS IS **CHANG WEN**,
THE PRISONER WHO
CLAIMS TO KNOW WHERE
THE TREASURE IS
BURIED! HE'S ALL
YOURS, CAPTAIN
CARTER!

HMM,
I DON'T
LIKE HIS
LOOKS --- HE'LL
BEAR
WATCHING!



SOON AFTERWARD...

OKAY, YOU MARINES --- YOU ALL
VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS ASSIGN-
MENT, SO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE IN
FOR ... PLENTY OF ACTION! CHANG HERE
HAS TOLD ME THE GENERAL LOCATION OF
THE TREASURE --- AND WE'RE GOING TO
PARACHUTE DOWN IN THAT AREA
JUST BEFORE DAWN! LET'S GO!



AT DAYBREAK, FAR BEHIND THE RED LINES...

HOLY SMOKES -- THAT COMMIE IS PULLING ON
HIS HARNESS LINES --- SO THAT HIS CHUTE
WILL COLLAPSE SLIGHTLY AND GO DOWN
FASTER! IF HE'S WILLING TO RISK A BROKEN
LEG, IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING --- HE'S
TRYING TO MAKE A **GETAWAY!** BUT TWO
CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!



SECONDS LATER...

HE BEAT ME DOWN... BUT HE WON'T GET FAR, BECAUSE I'M SAVING TIME BY CUTTING MY WAY OUT OF THIS HARNESS!



YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE, RAT... EXCEPT DOWN!



OH-OH! I WOULD HAVE TO KNOCK HIM DOWN NEAR SOME ROCKS THAT HE CAN USE AS WEAPONS!



AMERICAN FIG... I KNOCK BRAINS OUT!



AT LEAST I'VE GOT BRAINS! YOU MISSED, SUCKER! --NOW IT'S MY TURN!

OOF!

I SHOULD SHOOT YOU, BUT I'LL NEED YOU JUST IN CASE YOU WERE TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT TREASURE! BUT I'D BETTER TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU FIRST BY GIVING YOU THE WALLOPING OF YOUR LIFE!



POW!

WHAM!



OKAY, I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH -- BUT IF YOU TRY TO DOUBLE-CROSS US AGAIN, YOU'LL BE SIGNING YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT! NOW ... DO YOU AGREE TO LEAD US TO THE TREASURE?

I... I ... WILL ... LEAD ... YOU ...



THIS WAY...
THROUGH WOODS!

REMEMBER, MEN--
THIS IS COMMUNIST
TERRITORY... SO KEEP
YOUR EYES OPEN AND
YOUR TRIGGER-FINGERS
READY!

SUDDENLY...

YIPES--A RED
PATROL! LET 'EM
HAVE IT--BEFORE
THEY RECOVER
FROM THEIR
SURPRISE!



THERE ... THAT GRENADE
OUGHT TO FINISH
'EM OFF!

I'M WATCHING YOU,
CHANG -- DON'T TRY TO
GET AWAY IN THE
CONFUSION!



WHEN THAT PATROL FAILS TO REPORT AT ITS BASE,
THE REDS WILL KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THIS
AREA--AND THEY'LL SEND OUT A LARGE SEARCH
PARTY! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST--HOW
FAR ARE WE FROM THE SITE OF
THE TREASURE, CHANG?

NOT FAR--
I SHOW
YOU!



SOON AFTERWARD...

THERE ...
YOU DIG--
FIND
GOLD!

HMM, BRING THAT
MINE DETECTOR
OVER HERE, CORPORAL!



THE DETECTOR
INDICATES THERE'S
METAL BENEATH
THE SURFACE,
CAPTAIN!

WELL, IT COULD BE THE
TREASURE--BUT WE'RE NOT
TAKING ANY CHANCES!

CHANG -- YOU'RE
GOING TO DO
THE DIGGING!

ME
DIG? NO--
NO!



DON'T GIVE ME ANY ARGUMENTS!
YOU'LL DIG--OR DIE!
WHICH'LL IT BE?

I...I
DIG!

THE REST OF YOU TAKE UP SENTRY POSITIONS ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET AWAY! I'M SHIMMYSING UP THIS TREE TO KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR ANY RED TROOPS COMING THIS WAY!

LATER...
I...I TIRED--
I NO DIG
NO MORE!

OH, NO? MAYBE A
COUPLE OF BULLETS
NEAR YOUR FEET
WILL MAKE YOU
CHANGE YOUR
MIND!

NO---
NO SHOOT
IN HOLE!

WHAT ARE YOU SCARED
OF, RAT? THE SLUGS
WON'T EVEN COME
CLOSE TO YOU!

BUT, IN THE NEXT MOMENT--

YE GODS-- THERE WAS
A LAND MINE IN
THAT HOLE -- AND THE
BULLETS SET IT OFF!

YEAH -- I HAD A HUNCH THE
REDS PLANTED A BOOBY TRAP
ABOVE THE TREASURE--TO TAKE
CARE OF ANYONE WHO TRIED
DIGGING IT UP! THAT'S WHY
I INSISTED THAT CHANG
DO THE DIGGING!

LOOK -- THE
EXPLOSION
UNEARTHED
THOSE HEAVY
CHESTS!

LET'S GET 'EM OUT,
BOYS -- LOOKS AS IF
WE HIT THE
JACKPOT!

THIS IS IT, ALL
RIGHT... 50 MILLION
DOLLARS IN GOLD
AND JEWELS!

YEAH, BUT HOW ARE WE
GONNA GET IT BACK TO OUR
LINES NOW? WE CAN'T WAIT
FOR OUR PICK-UP PLANES
BECAUSE THE REDS WILL
BE SWARMING ALL OVER THIS
AREA SOON!

LISTEN... THERE'S OUR ANSWER! THAT'S THE
RUMBLE OF A RED TANK -- IT'S PROBABLY COMING
HERE TO INVESTIGATE THE SOUND OF THE
EXPLOSION! GET READY FOR AN
AMBUSH, BOYS!



A FEW MILES BEYOND --

THOSE ARE
REINFORCEMENTS
HEADING FOR THE
FRONT ... MOW
EM' DOWN!

YAAAAA!

BLAM!
BLAM!
RAT-TAT-TAT!

AS THE DEADLY ADVANCE CONTINUES...

BULL'S EYE--WE
BLEW THAT ENEMY
AMMUNITION
DUMP TO
SMITHREENS!

CAPTAIN ... I JUST
INTERCEPTED A RED
MESSAGE ON THEIR
RADIO ... ALL TANKS
IN THE VICINITY
HAVE BEEN ORDERED
TO HUNT US DOWN
AT ANY COST!

HMM, THERE OUGHT TO BE
QUITE A COLLECTION OF TANKS
HERE PRETTY SOON! SWITCH THE
RADIO TO OUR FREQUENCY, AND
ASK OUR HEADQUARTERS TO
SEND A SQUADRON OF JETS
TO THIS LOCATION --
IMMEDIATELY!

SOON AFTERWARD ...

WELL, MEN, HERE
COME THOSE RED
TANKS -- THEY'VE GOT
US OUTNUMBERED
AND SURROUNDED!
WHERE IN BLAZES
ARE OUR JETS?

YIPPEE! -- THERE THEY ARE! QUICK--
CONTACT THOSE PLANES ON OUR
FREQUENCIES! TELL THEM TO
BLAST ALL TANKS WITH **CLOSED**
TURRETS -- BECAUSE WE'RE
THE ONLY ONE WITH AN
OPEN TURRET!

IN A SAVAGE ASSAULT WITH NAPALM
BOMBS AND ROCKETS...

AARRGH!

BOOOOM!

BOOM!

YAHOO -- LOOK
AT THOSE BABIES
BURN! THERE ARE
ONLY A COUPLE STILL
IN COMMISSION --
AND WE'LL
FINISH
THOSE
OFF!

GREAT SHOOTING!
NOW HEAD FOR THE
FRONT LINES, MEN...
FOR HOME!

THERE ARE THE FRONT LINE
COMMUNIST BUNKERS AND PILLBOXES --
BUT SINCE THEIR HEAVY GUNS FACE
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, WE'LL BE
ABLE TO REDUCE 'EM TO RUBBLE!
COMMENCE FIRING!

IN A FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT...

MINUTES LATER... AT THE FORWARD
AMERICAN OUTPOSTS --

THERE'S A RED TANK COMING
OUR WAY ACROSS NO-MAN'S
LAND! LET 'EM
HAVE IT!

NO... HOLD
YOUR FIRE...
THAT'S
CAPTAIN
CARTER!

LATER, IN THE SOUTH KOREAN CAPITAL...

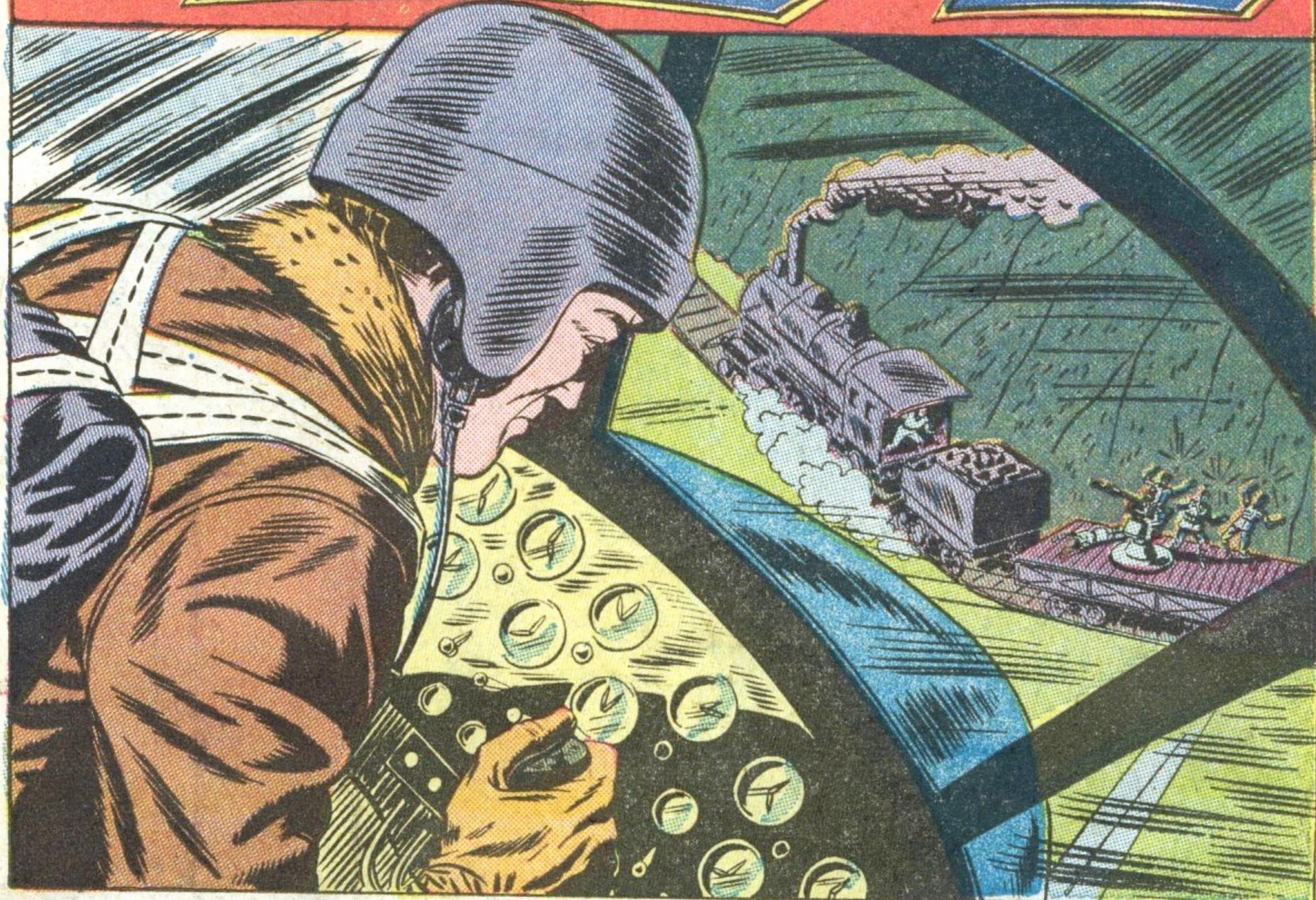
IN THE NAME OF THE SOUTH
KOREAN GOVERNMENT, I WISH
TO THANK YOU FOR THE
INVALUABLE SERVICE
YOU HAVE RENDERED
US, CAPTAIN CARTER!

THINK NOTHING OF
IT, FRIEND! THAT
BANGUP ACTION I
GOT WAS THANKS
ENOUGH FOR ME!

THERE'S EVEN MORE ACTION-PACKED COMBAT
IN STORE FOR YOU -- IN THE NEXT
THRILLING ISSUE!

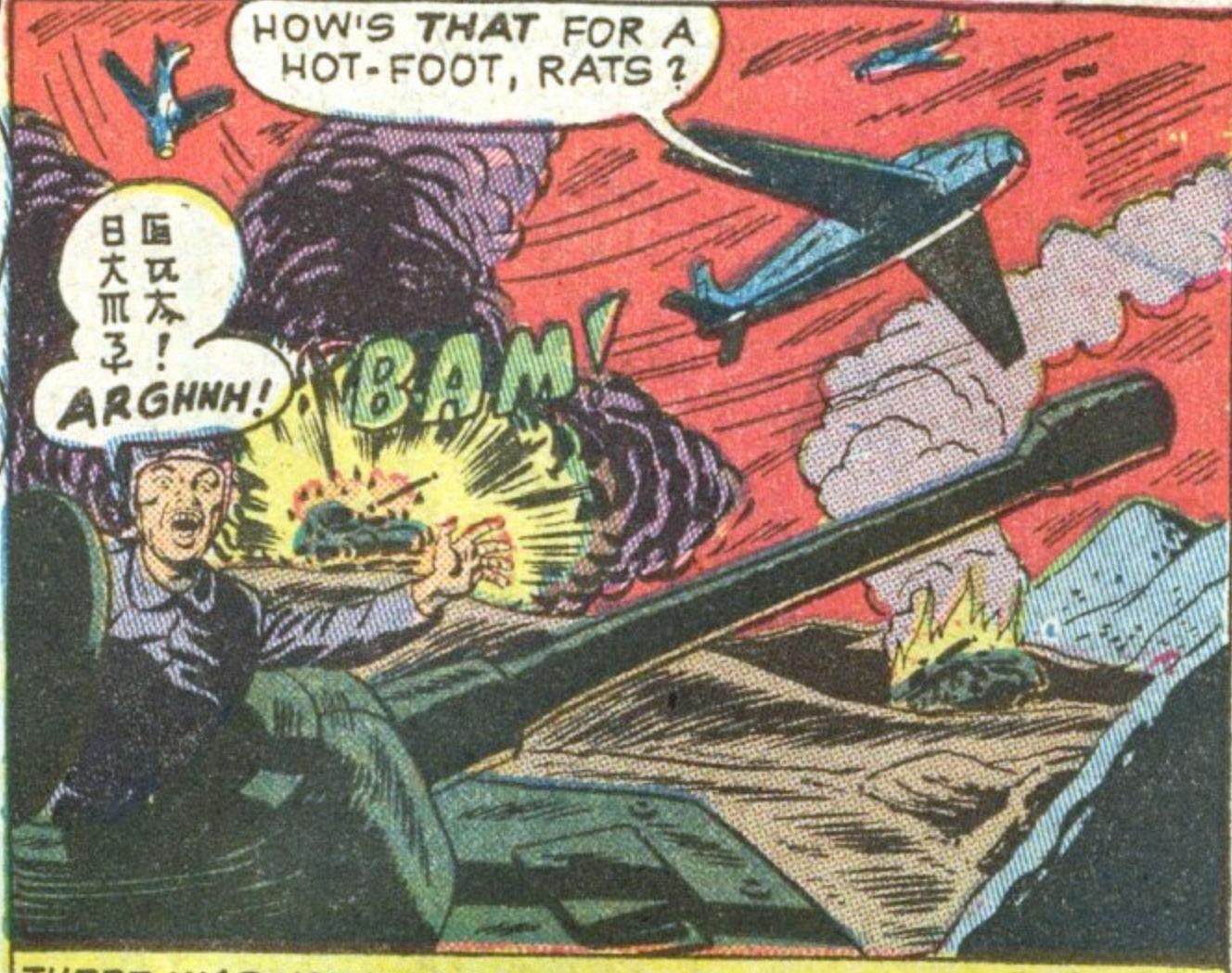
THE FIERY CRACKLE OF MY SABREJET'S .50 CALIBRES... THE THUNDER OF ACK-ACK BLASTING THE AIR AROUND ME... ALL THIS WAS SWEET MUSIC TO MY EARS! YES, I LIVED FOR DANGER AND THRIVED ON PERIL, TAKING RISKS THAT OTHER PILOTS SHUNNED! THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED ME...

DARE-DEVIL ^{of} ~~the~~ AIR



LT. CHARLES MULVANEY IS MY FULL MONICKER-- BUT TO MY JET-PILOT BUDDIES, I WAS KNOWN ONLY AS DARE-DEVIL CHARLIE -- A GUY WHO HAD MORE NERVE AND LUCK THAN BRAINS! THEY ALL THOUGHT I WAS NUTS FOR TAKING THE CHANCES I DID -- BUT THEY NEVER REALIZED THAT I TOOK ONLY CALCULATED RISKS -- THE KIND THAT WIN BATTLES AND WARS!

FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE THE DAY OUR JET SQUADRON WENT TANK-HUNTING NEAR SINANJU IN NORTH KOREA AND FOUND A COUPLE OF SITTING DUCKS, JUST RIPE FOR OUR NAPALM BOMBS!



THERE WAS NOTHING RISKY ABOUT THAT-- BUT WAIT!

WHILE 'WINGING BACK TO OUR BASE...

'LOOK-- A RED TRUCK CONVOY IN THAT CANYON BELOW US!



I WAS ITCHING TO PEEL OFF AND GO AFTER THEM-- BUT MY SQUADRON COMMANDER, CAPT. JACK BILLINGS, THOUGHT OTHERWISE!

THAT CANYON IS NARROWER THAN OUR WING. SPREAD-- WE CAN'T GO IN AND STRAFE! AND SINCE WE DUMPED ALL OUR NAPALM, THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS RADIO OUR BASE, GIVING THEM THE LOCATION OF THE CONVOY-- AND HOPE THAT THE FIGHTER-BOMBERS GET HERE BEFORE DARK!



THAT WAS WHEN I DECIDED TO TAKE A CALCULATED RISK!

IT'S ALREADY DUSK! THE CONVOY WILL GET AWAY UNLESS IT'S STOPPED NOW! AND I THINK I CAN DO IT-- BY ANGLING MY WINGS BETWEEN THE CANYON WALLS AS I COME IN!

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS -- THE RISK'S TOO GREAT! GET BACK IN FORMATION, CHARLIE-- THAT'S AN ORDER!



BUT I WAS ALREADY IN A SUPER-SONIC DIVE -- AT WELL OVER 700 MILES AN HOUR.. AND I KNEW I COULDN'T PULL UP IN TIME! SO I HAD TO GO THROUGH WITH MY PLAN.. AND IT WAS NO CINCH.. LET ME TELL YOU!

MY WING'S RIDDLED-- BUT HERE'S WHERE I RIDDLE THEM!



MY FIRST BURST RIPPED THE CAB OF THE LEAD TRUCK, EXPLODING THE GAS-TANK -- AND I HAD TIME FOR ONE MORE BURST AT THE RED TROOPS BEFORE I HAD TO PULL UP OR BE SMASHED AGAINST THE CANYON WALLS!



THAT BURNING TRUCK WILL BLOCK THE WHOLE CONVOY-- THEY'LL BE CLAY PIGEONS FOR THE NIGHT BOMBERS TONIGHT! BUT I'LL BE A DEAD PIGEON UNLESS THIS WING OF MINE HOLDS UP UNTIL I GET BACK TO THE BASE!



I BARELY MADE IT BACK--FOR JUST AS I ARRIVED, MY RIDDLED WING SHEARED OFF, FORCING ME TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING!



THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, LIEUTENANT! IF YOU PULL ONE MORE UNNECESSARILY RECKLESS STUNT, YOU'LL BE GROUNDED! UNDERSTAND?



SOON AFTERWARDS, OUTSIDE OF HAEJU--

LOOKS LIKE WE HIT THE JACKPOT, BOYS! LET'S PEEL OFF AND HIT THAT LOCOMOTIVE-- IT'S THE SUREST WAY OF STOPPING THAT TRAIN!



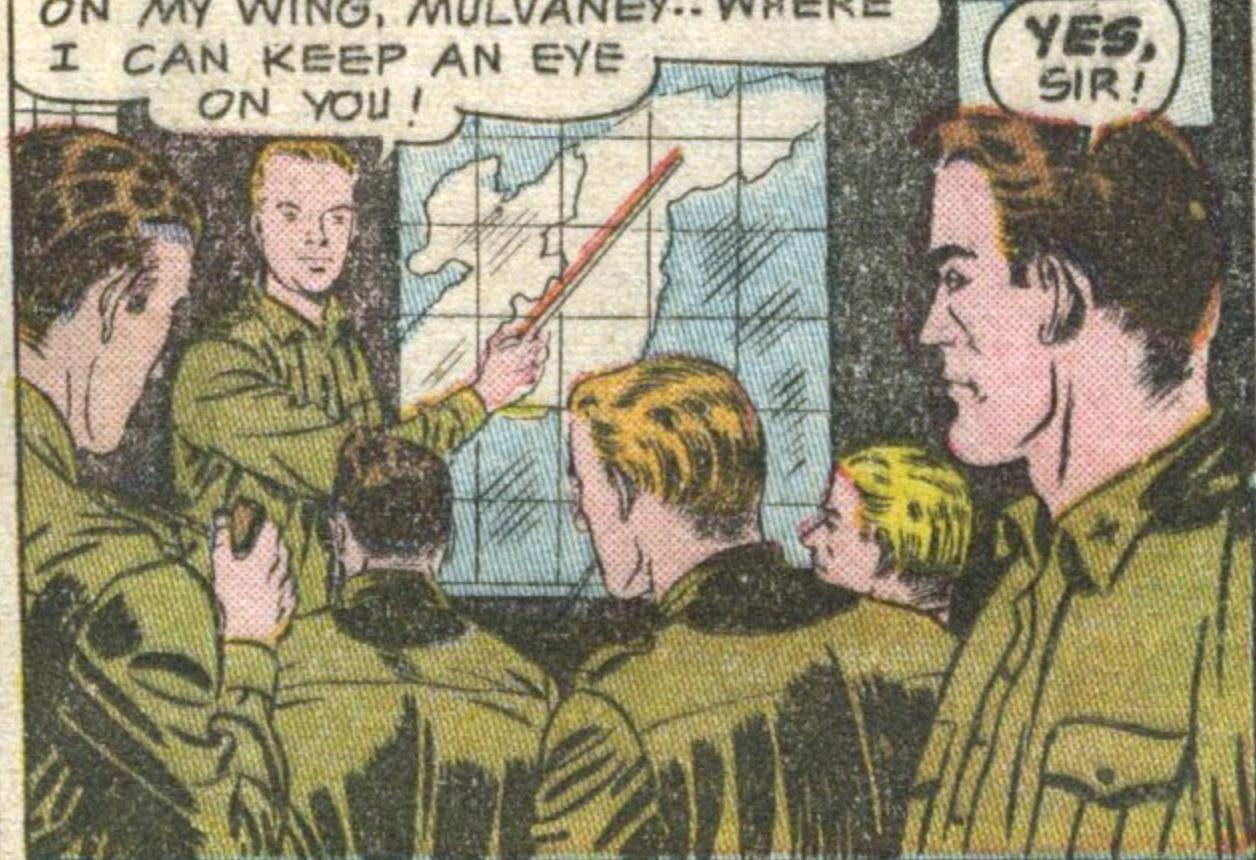
I CRAWLED OUT OF THE WRECKAGE JUST IN TIME.. BEFORE THE JET BLEW UP! BUT THEN I HAD TO FACE ANOTHER BLOW-UP!

THAT WAS A FOOL STUNT, BUT IT WAS A MULVANEY! ONE TRUCK FOR A PLANE IS A POOR TRADE! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FACT THAT WE NEED PILOTS BADLY AROUND HERE, I'D GROUND YOU FOR DISOBEDIING ORDERS AND TAKING SUCH A RISK!



NEXT MORNING, IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM, BILLINGS STILL DIDN'T LET UP--

THIS IS OUR TARGET FOR TODAY--THE NORTH KOREAN RAIL LINE BETWEEN CHAERYON AND HAEJU! YOU'LL FLY THE NUMBER TWO SLOT ON MY WING, MULVANEY--WHERE I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!



BILLINGS AND I PEELED OFF, HITTING THE LOCOMOTIVE FROM A 180 DEGREE ANGLE, SO THAT WE COULD STRAFE THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN AFTERWARDS--AND OUR BULLETS MADE A SIEVE OUT OF THAT KOREAN LOCO!



BUT TRAVELING AT SUPERSONIC SPEED, WE DIDN'T REALIZE UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE THAT THERE WERE RED ACK-ACK BATTERIES ON FLAT-CARS INTERSPERSED THROUGH THE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN! AND THEIR ACCURACY WAS DEADLY!

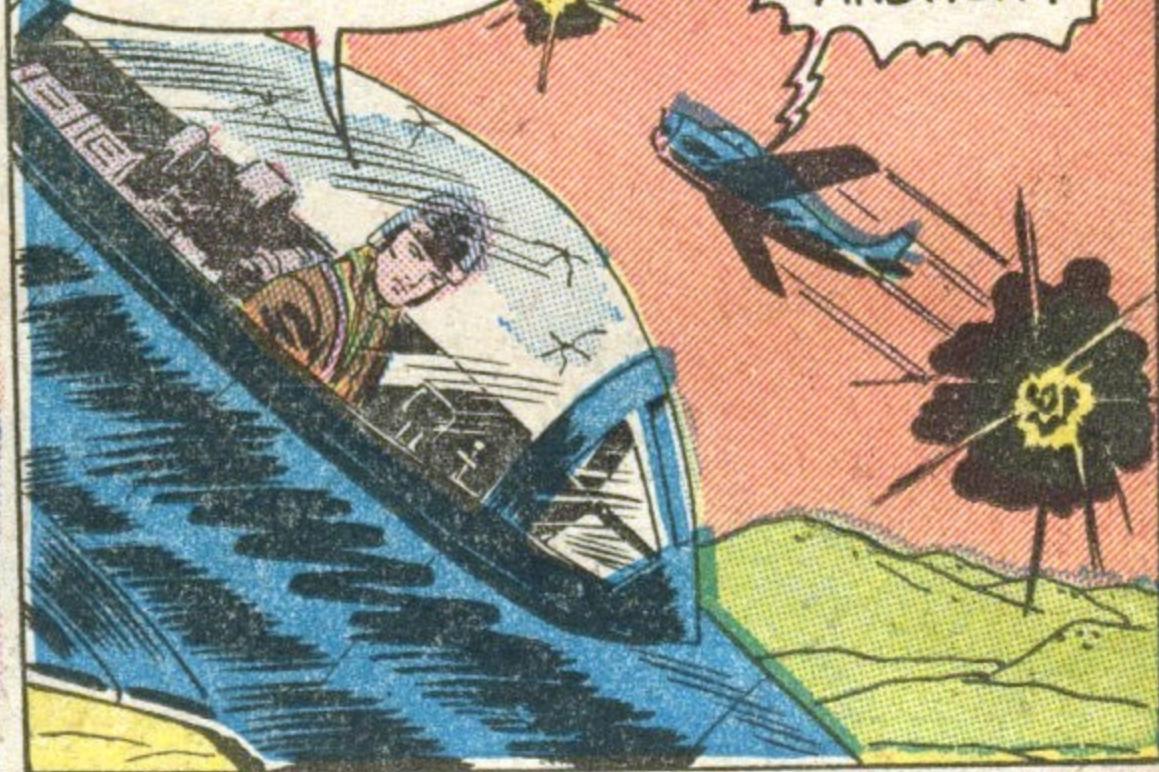


SOMEHOW, BILLINGS AND I BOTH SURVIVED THAT WITHERING FIRE! I GOT OUT WITHOUT A SCRATCH, BUT BILLINGS WASN'T SO LUCKY!

THEY... THEY GOT ME, BOYS-- BUT I THINK I CAN GET BACK TO THE BASE OKAY! WE MIGHT AS WELL ALL HEAD BACK--THAT TRAIN IS JUST A BOOBY-TRAP FOR STRAFING PLANES-- AND IT'S TOO RISKY TO MAKE ANOTHER PASS AT IT! YOU, MULVANEY.. BACK IN FORMATION! YOU OKAY?

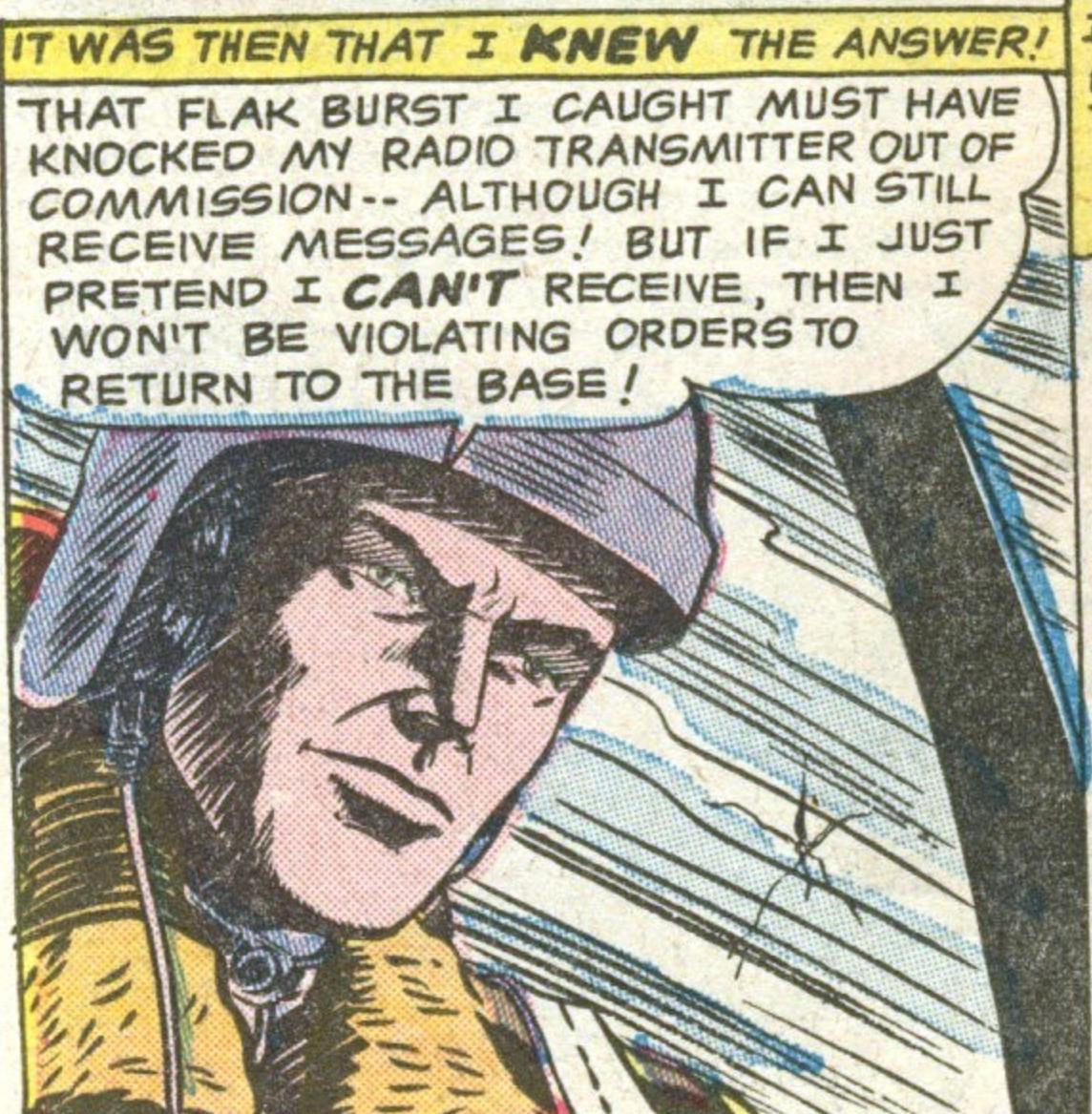
WAIT--THERE MUST BE SOMETHING PLENTY VALUABLE IN THOSE BOX-CARS IF THE REDS HAVE ALL THAT ACK-ACK PROTECTION! THIS IS CHARLIE-- REQUESTING PERMISSION TO TAKE ANOTHER SHOT AT THOSE BOX-CARS!

MULVANEY-- WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?

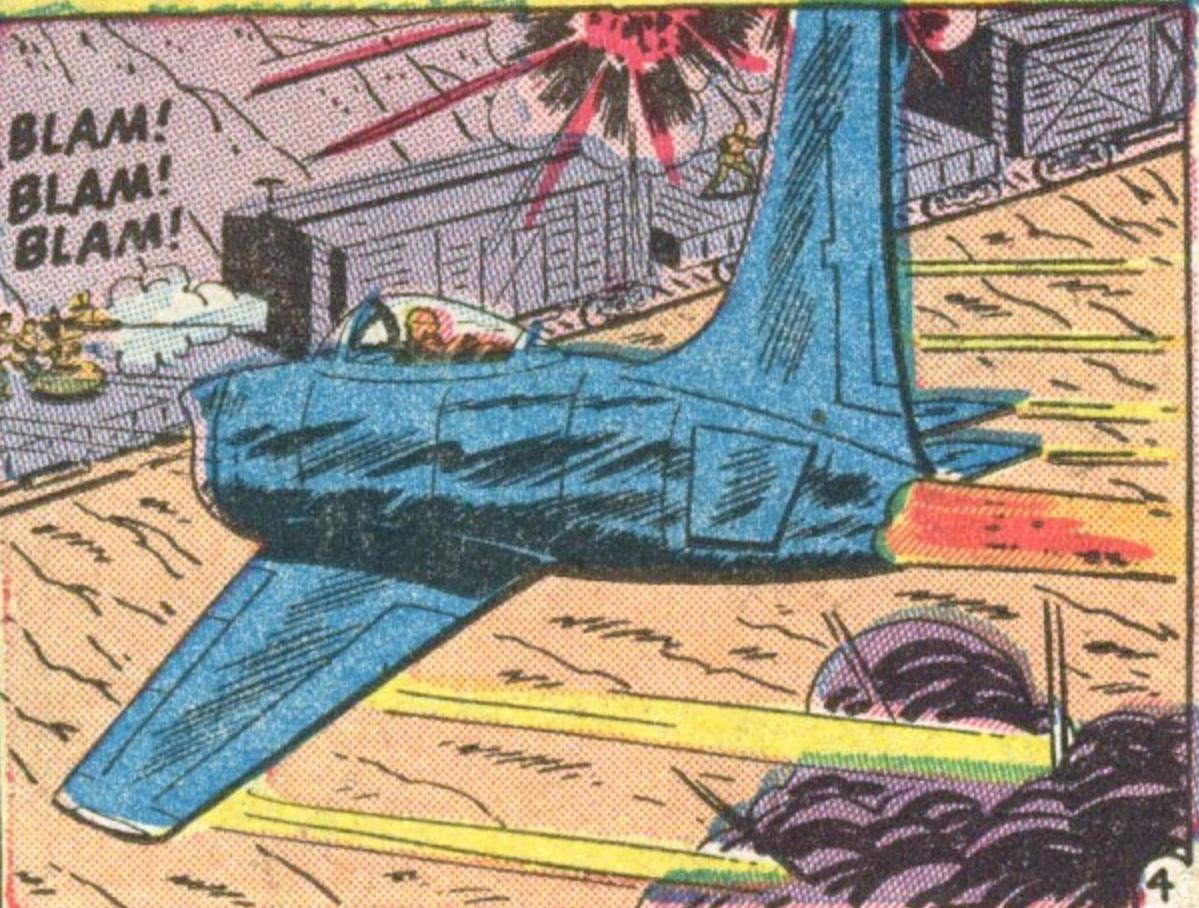


IT WAS THEN THAT I KNEW THE ANSWER!

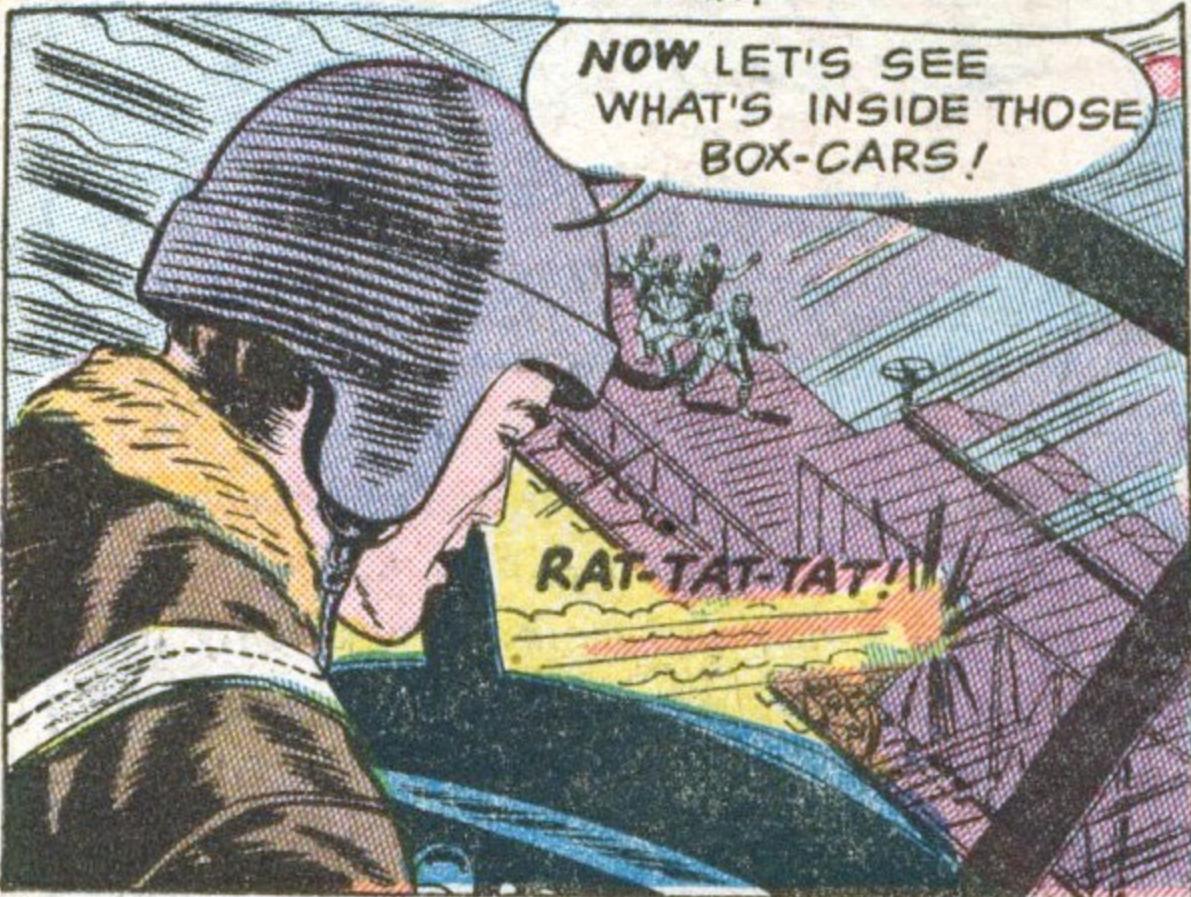
THAT FLAK BURST I CAUGHT MUST HAVE KNOCKED MY RADIO TRANSMITTER OUT OF COMMISSION-- ALTHOUGH I CAN STILL RECEIVE MESSAGES! BUT IF I JUST PRETEND I CAN'T RECEIVE, THEN I WON'T BE VIOLATING ORDERS TO RETURN TO THE BASE!



I KNEW MY ONLY HOPE OF GETTING THROUGH THE REDS' DEADLY ACK-ACK LAY IN GOING SO FAST THAT THEY COULDN'T DRAW A BEAD ON ME! SO I GAVE 'ER THE GUN.. AND ZOOMED DOWN AT OVER SEVEN HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!

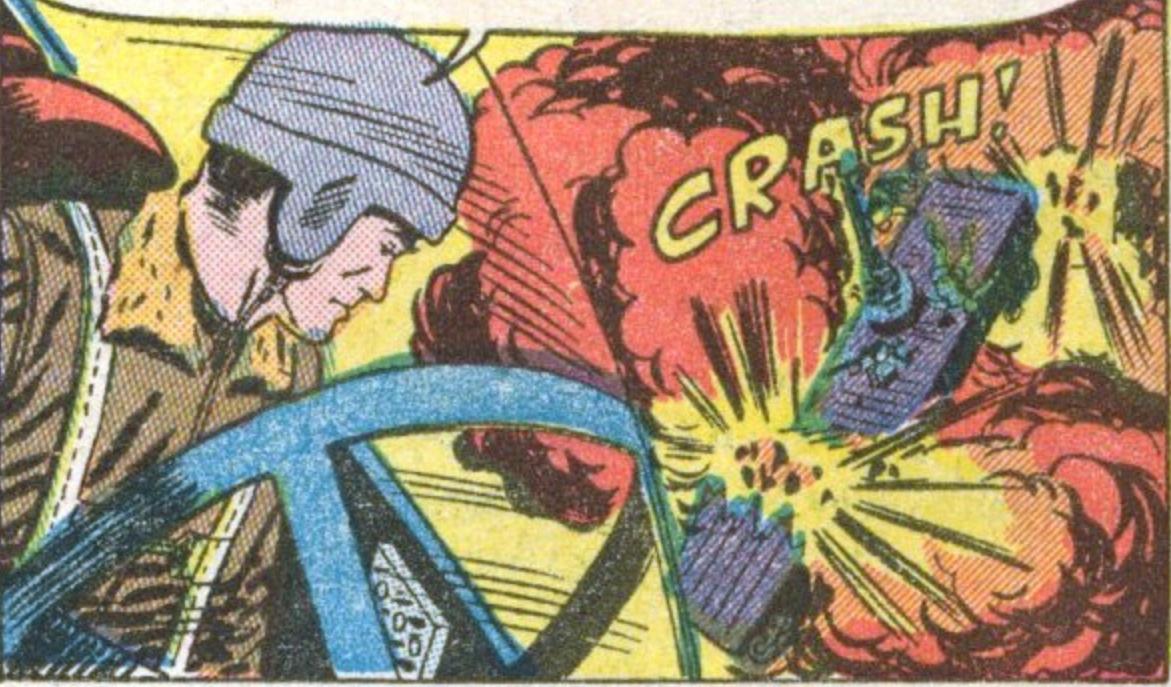


MY PLAN WORKED, FOR SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO GET THROUGH THE WITHERING FLAK! THEN IT WAS MY TURN!

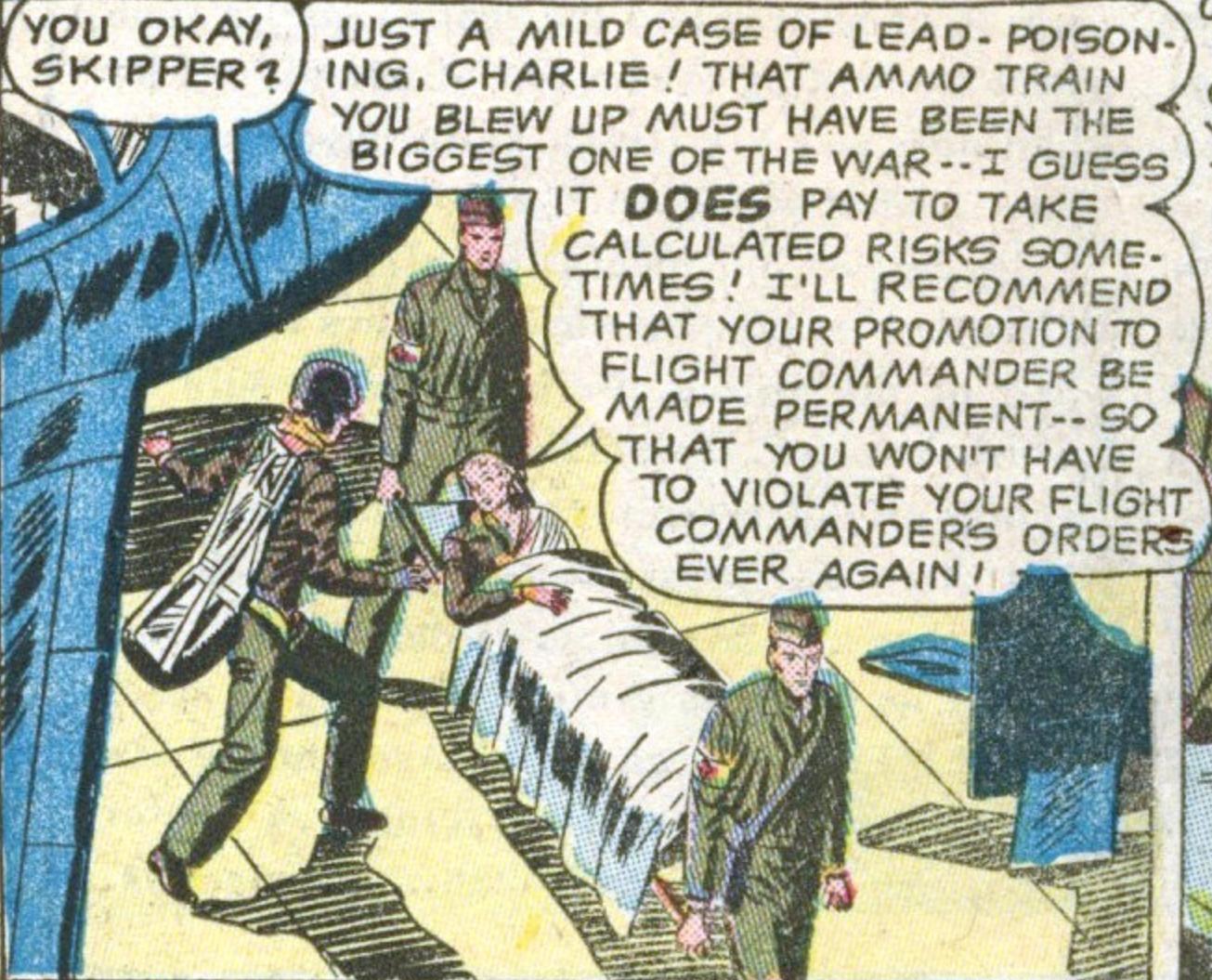


IT TOOK EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH AND SKILL I HAD TO STRAIGHTEN MY PLANE OUT AFTER IT HAD BEEN BUFFETED BY THE TERRIFIC BLAST! AND AS I PULLED UP AND VEERED AWAY FROM THE TRAIN, I SAW A WHOLE SERIES OF CHAIN EXPLOSIONS RIP CAR AFTER CAR LIKE A STRING OF GIGANTIC FIRECRACKERS!

HOLY COW-- THAT WHOLE TRAIN MUST HAVE BEEN CRAMMED TO THE GILLS WITH HIGH-EXPLOSIVE AMMUNITION -- AND THE FIRST BLAST SET OFF THE WHOLE SHEBANG!



I TOOK OVER THE SQUADRON AND LED IT BACK TO THE BASE! BILLINGS' LANDING WAS KIND OF CHOPPY, BUT HE MADE IT-- AND BY THE TIME I LANDED AND CRAWLED OUT OF MY PLANE--



IN THE NEXT INSTANT, I FOUND OUT!



THEN, AS I REJOINED THE SQUADRON, WONDERING WHAT BILLINGS WOULD SAY NOW ABOUT MY VIOLATION OF ORDERS, I HEARD HIS WEAK VOICE OVER THE INTERCOM--



Covering FORCE

IT HAD BEEN the blackest week of Danny's life. What made it worse was the knowledge that he wasn't going to live much longer. In the early days of the Korean War, the entire American battle strategy was planned to save time, to hold the lines somewhere, until more G. I.'s could be gotten into action from Japan. Danny's platoon was one of those given the toughest and most thankless job of all ...to act as a covering force and not to retreat an inch, no matter what the cost.

Danny fingered his automatic rifle and scanned the broken terrain in front of the line of foxholes his platoon had hastily dug. The enemy would be screaming across the ground any minute. They would be enormously outnumbered, and there would no doubt be tanks thrown against their small arms fire. But they could not retreat, even before such overwhelming power. The order was to hold, to sacrifice themselves, so that the larger numbers behind them could live to fight another day.

It wasn't much consolation, Danny thought, being just another expendable guy with dog tags for a soul, and he wondered if at the last minute he would bolt and try to get away. He hadn't for six days, despite everything, but a guy could only take so much. Besides, there were only fourteen men left of the original forty in the platoon. How much was a guy supposed to take?

There was a roaring whoosh overhead. He dropped deep in his hole as an artillery shell exploded nearby. Then the barrage came down like a drumfire, softening them up for the approaching charge.

The hail of heavy artillery and mortar shells was almost deafening, but the instant it lifted, Danny's head was peeking above his foxhole, gun ready. There they were, the grey-clad North Koreans, coming forward in swarms.

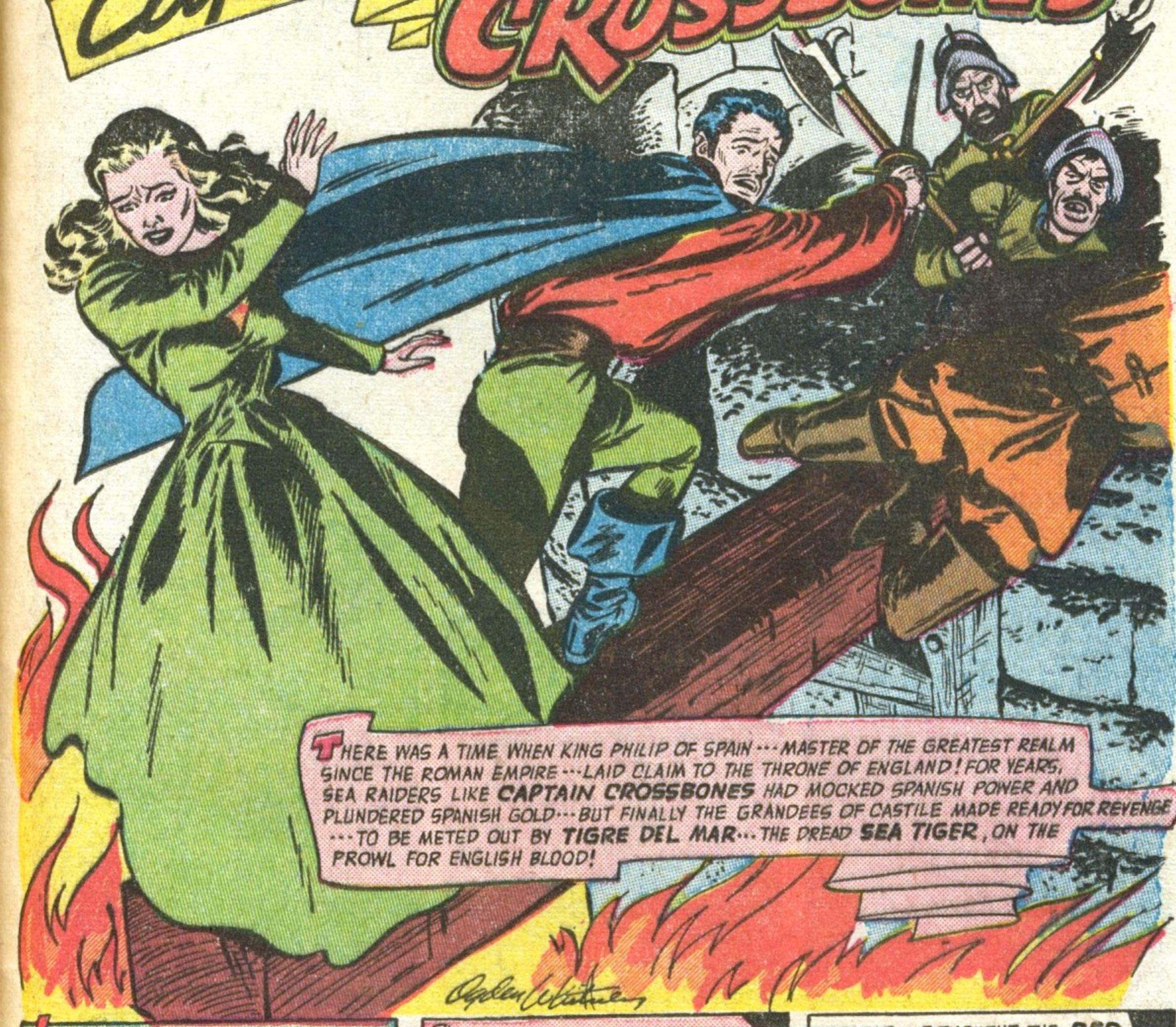
The machine guns on the flanks of the defense spattered into action. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! His own automatic rifle cut a deadly swath through the onrushing troops. They fell in clusters, but more came, and more, and more. Feverishly he fed more magazines into his hot gun. A buddy screamed on his right, the agonized yell of a dying man. Another shrieked from the left. Danny shuddered. The platoon was getting smaller every second.

It all seemed so useless. They would be overrun soon, but maybe, maybe it was worth laying down your life. After all, weren't there thousands of guys who would have done the same for him? Didn't he already owe his own life to the brave G. I.'s who had held sacrifice positions so that he might survive? With increased determination he smacked another magazine into his rifle. BRUPP-BRAT-TAT-TAT! The Koreans were toppling like tenpins in his path, but more were coming, always more.

Suddenly, when Danny reached for a fresh magazine, a chill of horror swept over him. HE WAS OUT OF AMMUNITION! Desperately he pulled the pins on the two hand-grenades he had on his belt. He threw them accurately, and watched a cluster of Reds go down screaming. Now the clatter and whine of bullets and the roar of shells rose to a maddening crescendo of sound. All he had now was his trench knife. Not much against what was coming at him.

He leaped out of his foxhole, almost exultantly. At last he would get his *bands* on one of the enemy. Perhaps that would be worth the price. Two or three voices shouted at him, all that remained now of his buddies. But there was no sense listening. He felt a slug tear into his thigh. It didn't hurt. Not nearly as much as the eight inches of steel hurt the North Korean he managed to get his knife into. And then everything was confusion, and pain, and then...nothingness.

Captain CROSSBONES



THREE WAS A TIME WHEN KING PHILIP OF SPAIN ---MASTER OF THE GREATEST REALM SINCE THE ROMAN EMPIRE ---LAID CLAIM TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND! FOR YEARS, SEA RAIDERS LIKE **CAPTAIN CROSSBONES** HAD MOCKED SPANISH POWER AND PLUNDERED SPANISH GOLD---BUT FINALLY THE GRANDEES OF CASTILE MADE READY FOR REVENGE ---TO BE METED OUT BY **TIGRE DEL MAR**...THE DREAD **SEA TIGER**, ON THE PROWL FOR ENGLISH BLOOD!



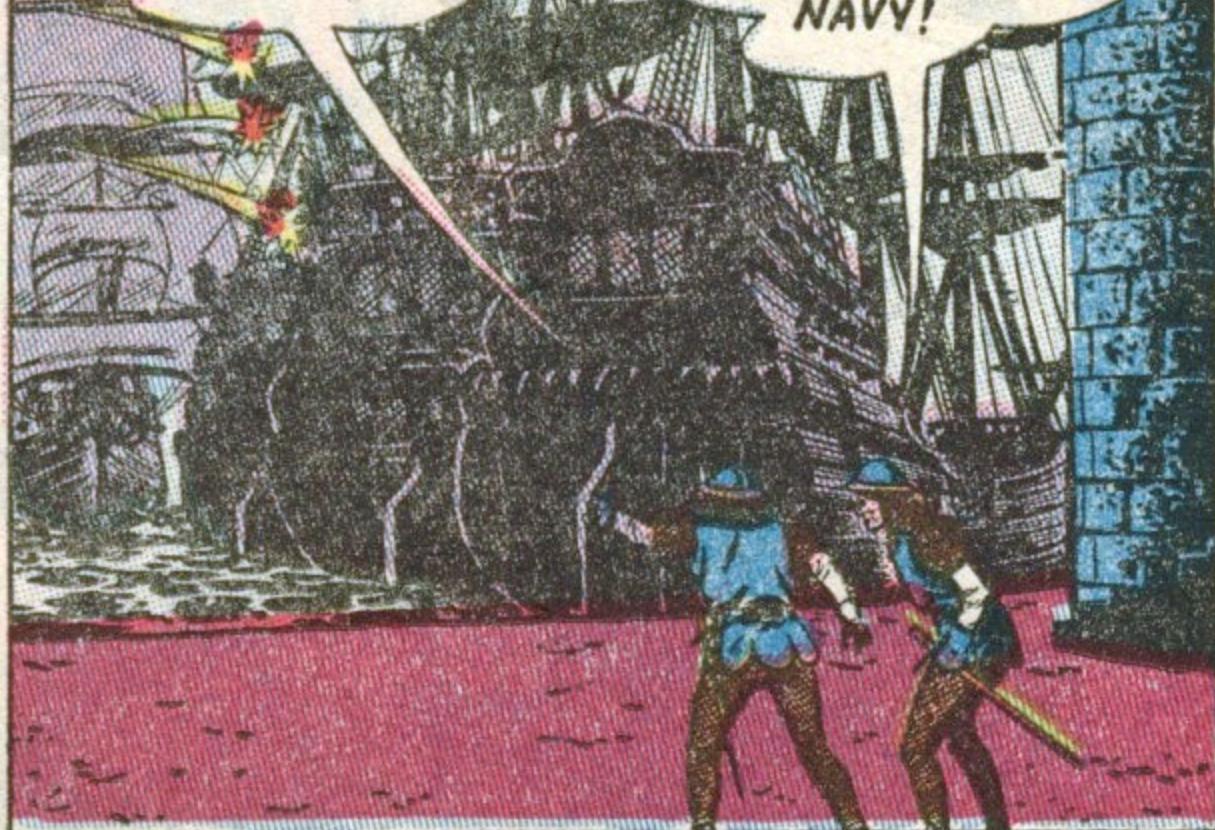
THE QUEEN IS SURE OF PEACE...AND MY APPEARANCE AT THE COURT MIGHT MEAN A ROYAL COMMAND TO MAKE A LONG VOYAGE...THE VERY THING I WANT TO AVOID! I HAVE NO PROOF THAT WOULD SATISFY THE QUEEN...BUT I'VE LEARNED KING PHILIP OF SPAIN HAS A NEW PLOT AFOOT...AND I'VE DECIDED TO STAY CLOSE TO ENGLAND!



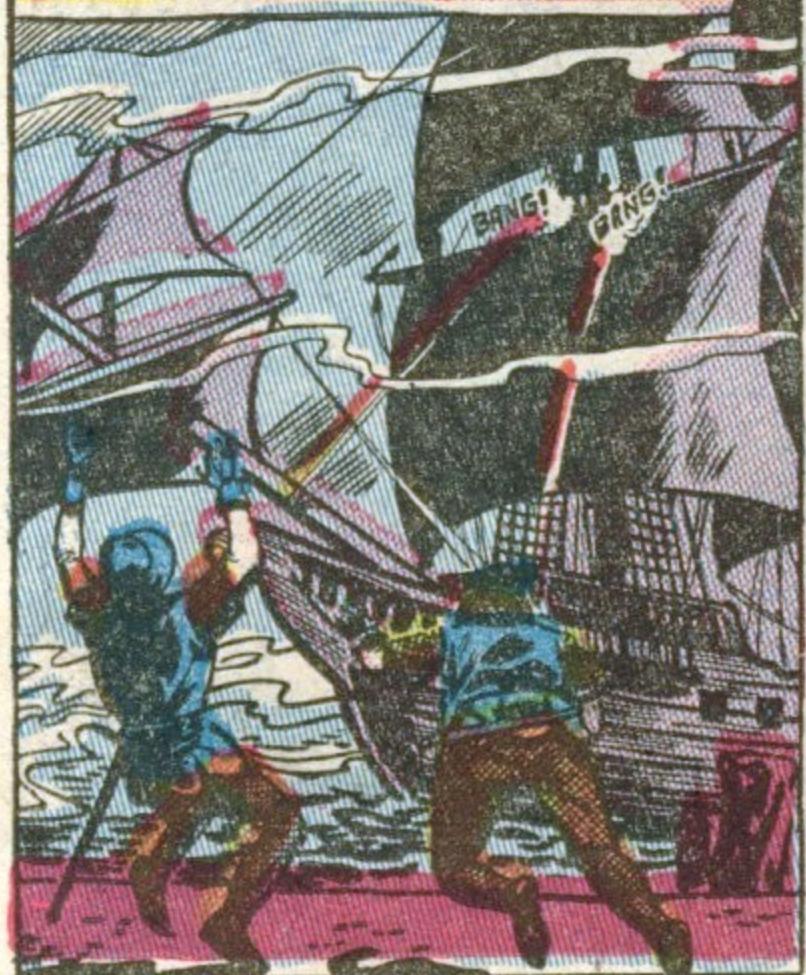
AT THAT MOMENT...A DARKENED VESSEL GLIDES TOWARD THE TOWER WALL!

LOOK...THE ROGUES ARE THROWING TORCHES!

AY...THEY'RE FIRING THE THREE LARGEST SHIPS OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY!



AN INSTANT LATER...FROM A TOPMAST FLAUNTING THE COLORS OF CASTILE...



GOOD HEAVENS, CROSSBONES...WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IT'S A SPANISH RAID...LED BY A SCURVY VARLET WITH WHOM I'VE CROSSED BLADES ONCE BEFORE!



IN THE RUDDY GLARE OF THE MOUNTING FLAMES...

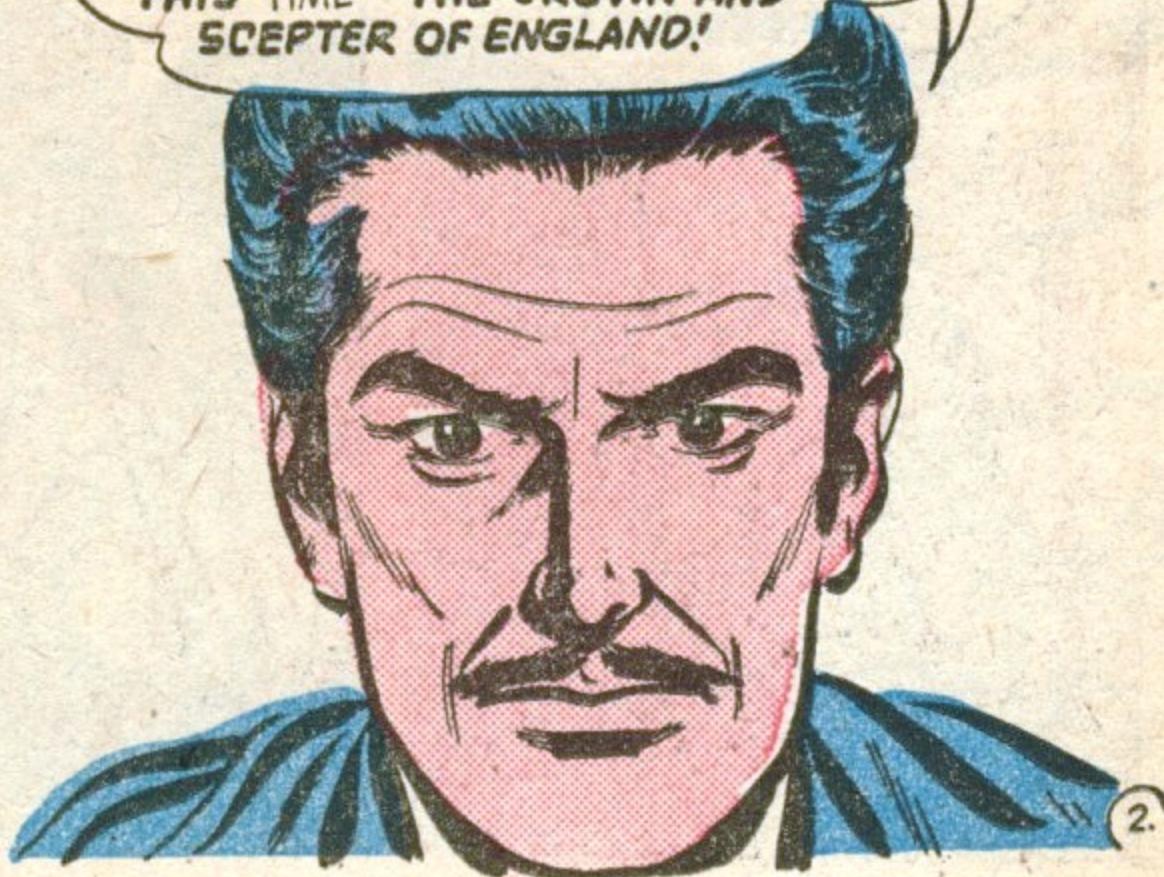
ARRIBA! OUR WAY IS CLEAR TO THE CHAMBER THAT GUARDS THE SYMBOLS OF ENGLISH POWER!

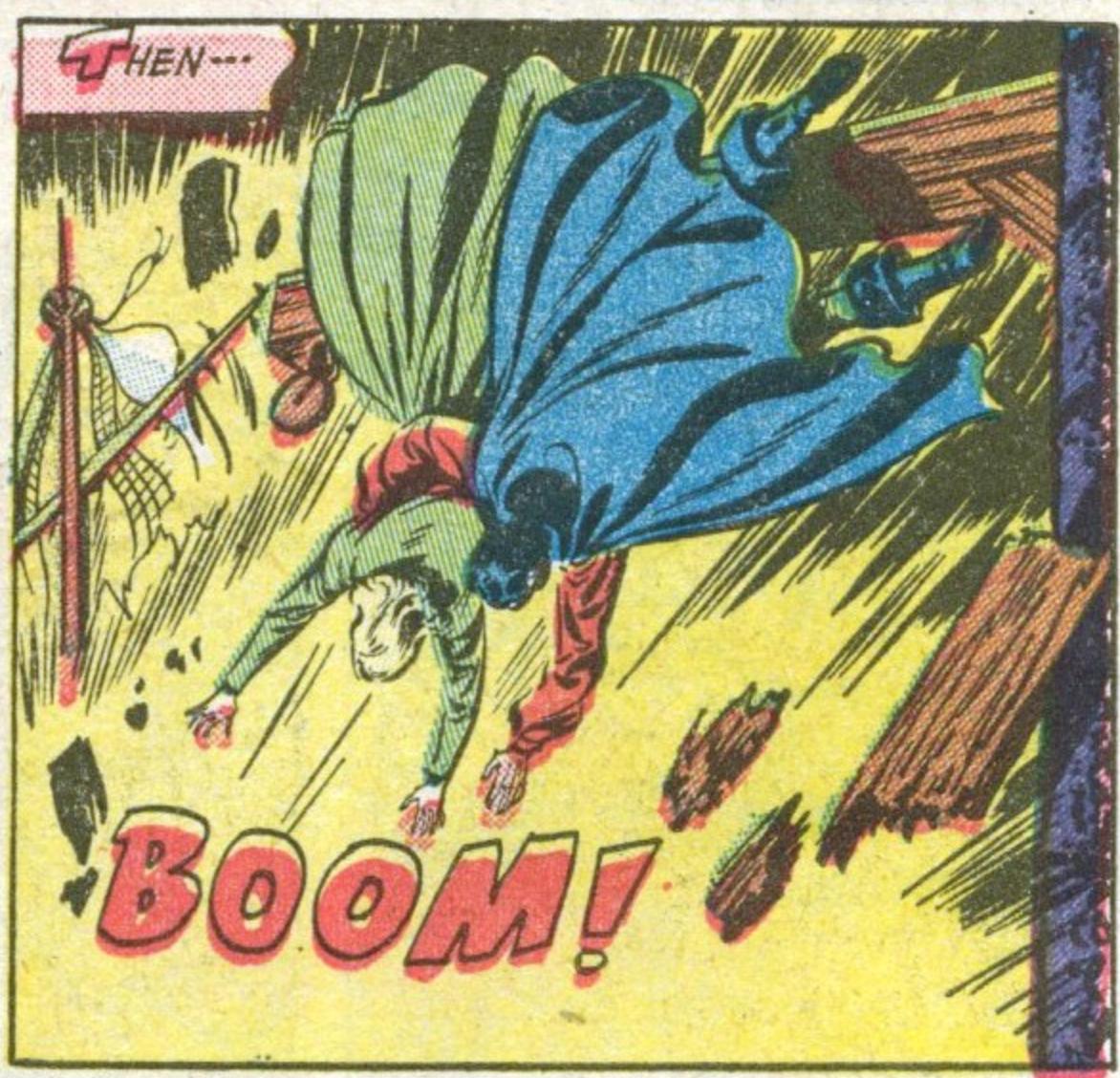
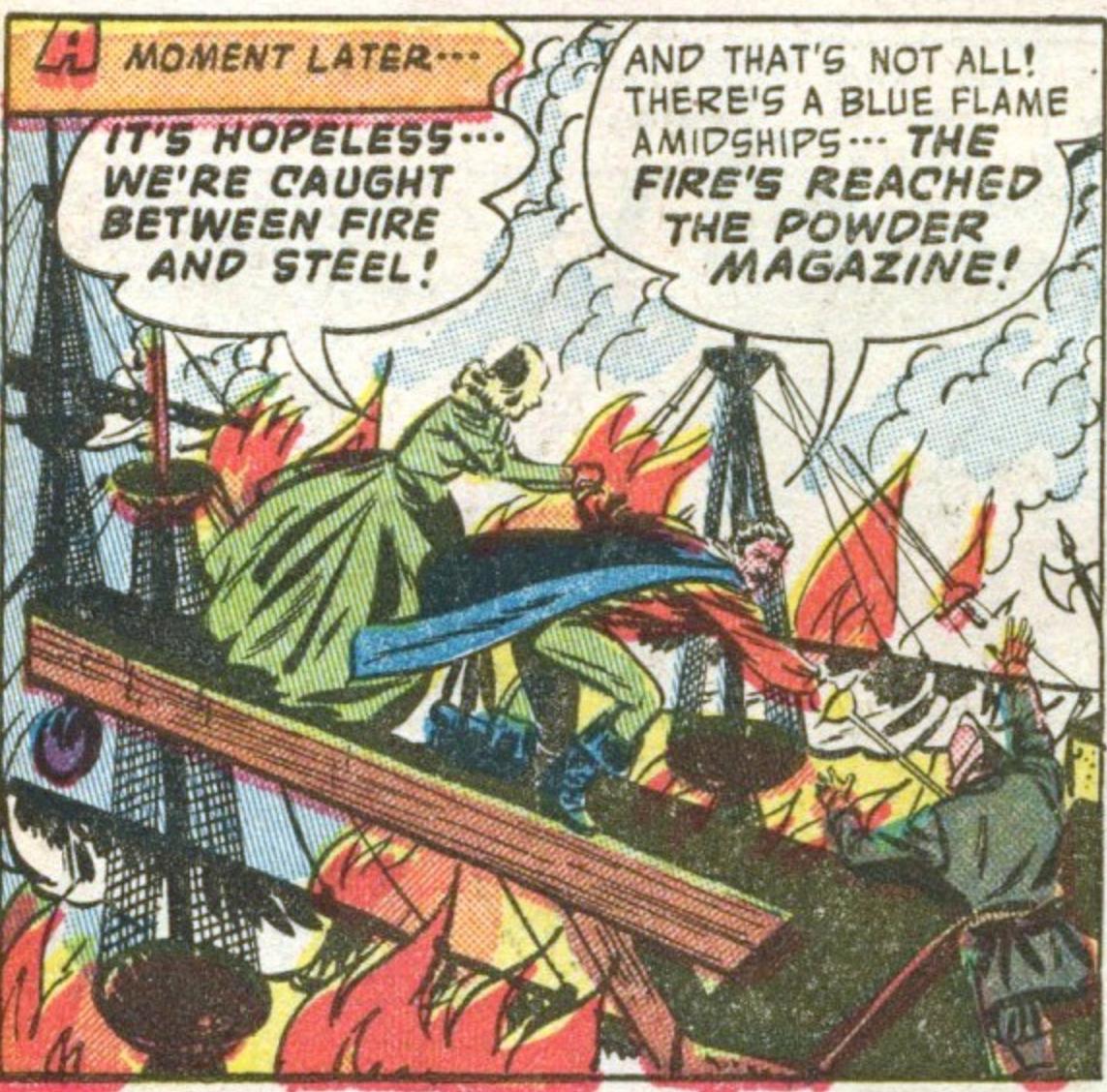
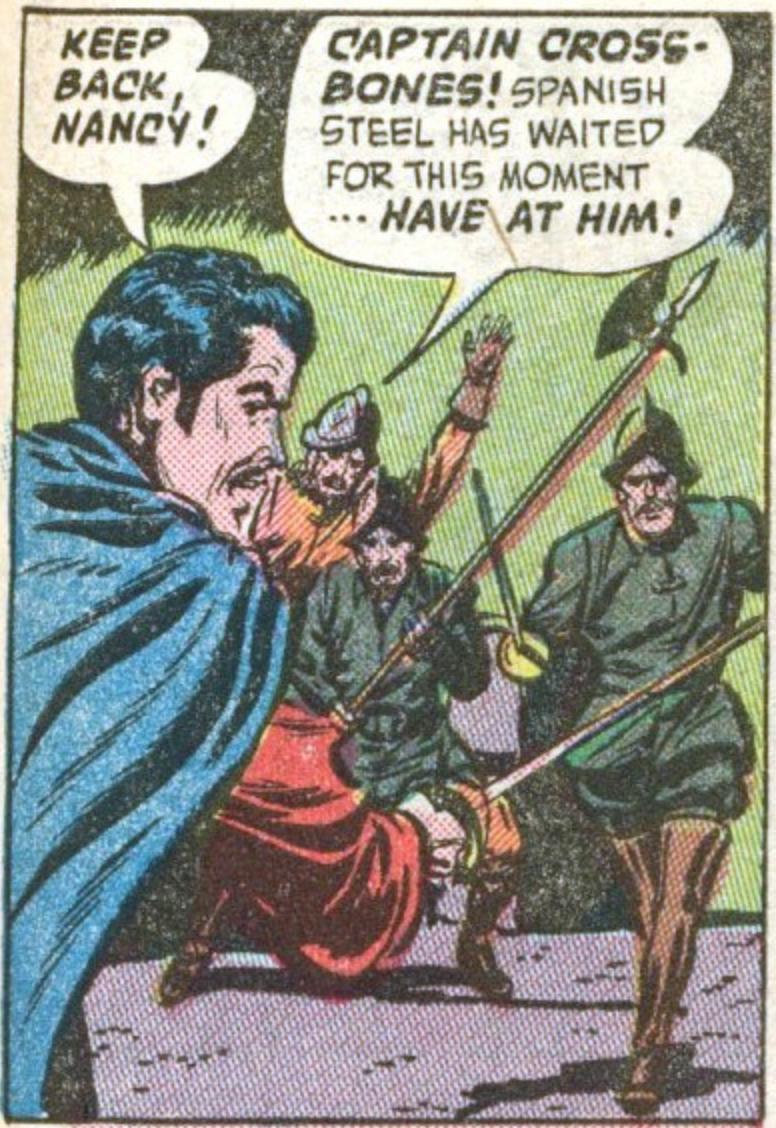


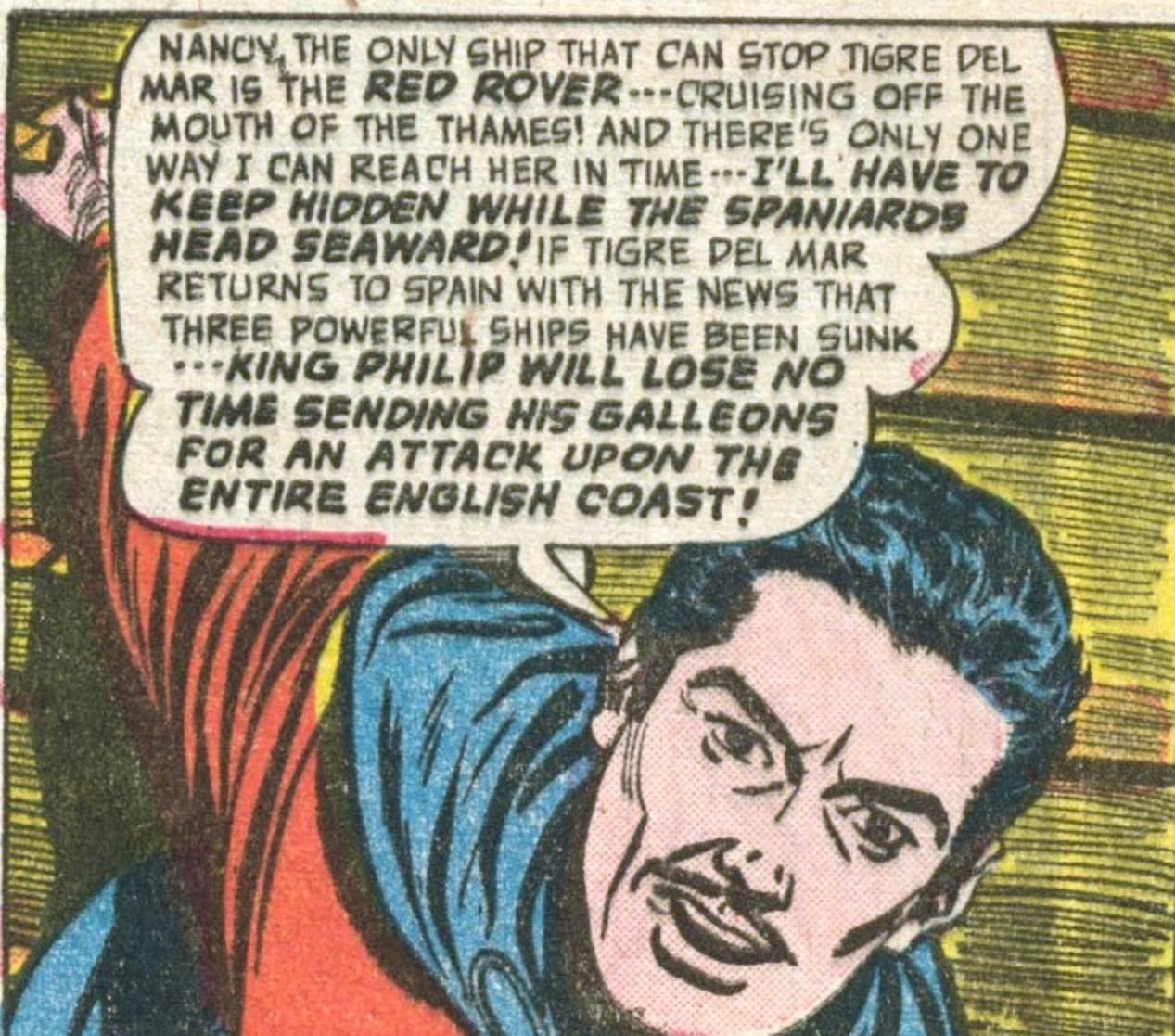
HAH! THE BOASTFUL ENGLISH WILL LEARN THAT NO MERE HANDFUL OF GUARDS CAN HOLD ANY TERRORS FOR ME...TIGRE DEL MAR!



TIGRE DEL MAR...THE SEA TIGER! HE'S THE BLACK-HEARTED BUCANNEER WHO CARRIES OUT SPECIAL MISSIONS FOR THE KING OF SPAIN...AND THIS DARING ATTACK ON THE TOWER ITSELF MAKES IT PLAIN WHAT HE'S AFTER THIS TIME...THE CROWN AND SCEPTER OF ENGLAND!







THE ENGLISH SWINE HAVE CAPTURED MANY A GOLD-LADEN GALLEON...BUT NEVER HAVE THEY SEIZED A PRIZE LIKE THIS!

NAME OF THE DEVIL! LOOK... IN THE BOAT!

I SHOULD BE CONTENT WITH THE CERTAINTY THAT CAPTAIN CROSSBONES IS DEAD...BUT THE MORE ENGLISH BLOOD THAT FLOWS...THE BETTER! OUT WITH YOUR PISTOLS...AND TEN DOUBLOONS FOR THE SHOT THAT KILLS HER!

AS THE FIRST SHOTS THUD INTO THE FOG...

AND TEN SLOW DEATHS FOR THE DOG WHO DARES!

POW! LET US SHOW THIS ARRANT KNAVE HOW EASY IT IS TO SLIT HIS BOASTING THROAT!

BANG! I'LL KEEP MY THROAT, DOGS...AND FAR LONGER THAN YOU'LL KEEP YOUR FEET!

I KNOW I CAN'T KEEP ON AGAINST THESE DEVILS...BUT EVERY MOMENT BRINGS NANCY CLOSER TO SAFETY!

BANG! AGH! BILGE RATS...HAVE YOU LOST YOUR STOMACH FOR CLOSE FIGHTING?

CLOSE IN...LET HIM HAVE HIS ANSWER IN BLOOD!

THEN...



AS THE SPANISH SHIP HEADS INTO THE CHANNEL...

GET UP! WE'LL SAIL OUT OUT OF THE THAMES WITH **YOU** SWAYING BY A ROPE FROM THE YARDARM... A FINAL MOCKERY TO THE ENGLISH FOOLS WHO CANNOT EVEN HOLD ON TO THEIR ROYAL CROWN!

AND WHAT ABOUT **RED ROVER**... LAYING

TO JUST OUTSIDE THE THAMES? AT THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF MY BODY THROUGH DUKE'S SPYGLASS... **YOU AND YOUR BARNACLED HULK** WILL BE LIFTED OUT OF THE WATER BY A BROAD-SIDE!

FOR AN INSTANT, CROSSBONES STUDIES THE SHIFTING GLANCES OF THE SPANIARDS... LIKE JACKALS ON THE TRAIL OF EASY PREY!

AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY THE **RED ROVER** HASN'T PUT OUT TO SEA... I'LL TELL YOU PLAINLY! SHE'S WAITING FOR THE FIRST SEA LORD TO BRING WORD OF EITHER PEACE OR WAR WITH SPAIN!

WAITING, EH? AND SUPPOSE... SUPPOSE HER CREW THOUGHT IT WAS PEACE?

YOU WILL BE THE FIRST SEA LORD, CROSSBONES... WE CAPTURED AT CADIZ! DISGUISED, YOU'LL CROSS TO THE **RED ROVER** IN OUR LONGBOAT... AND YOU'LL HAVE A BRACE OF HIDDEN PISTOLS POINTED AT YOUR HEART TO MAKE SURE YOU PLAY YOUR PART WELL! **YOU'LL PRETEND PEACE HAS BEEN DECLARED**... AND THAT TO PROVE HER FRIENDSHIP FOR SPAIN, THE QUEEN HAS SENT HER FIRST SEA LORD DOWN THE THAMES IN A SPANISH VESSEL!



YOUR PLAN LACKS ONLY A TRAITOR, ROGUE... AND YOU WON'T FIND ONE NAMED CROSSBONES!

YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND, MY FRIEND... OR BE KEELHAULED UNTIL YOUR SPINE IS LAID BARE!



I DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE IN TOO EASILY... BUT TIGRE DEL MAR'S TRAP IS JUST THE BLUNDER I WAS HOPING FOR!



TOWARD DAWN...

VERY IMPOSING,
CROSSBONES! YOU
CAN BE THANKFUL
FOR YOUR HIDE THAT
YOU CHANGED YOUR
MIND!

AY... BUT I HAVEN'T
CHANGED MY FACE! I'LL
NEED MORE THAN AN
ADMIRAL'S BATON TO
DECEIVE MY CREW!

BUT SUPPOSE YOU CLOSELY RESEMBLE
THIS MINIATURE OF THE FIRST SEA
LORD? HOSEIN HAS LEARNED THE ART OF
DISGUISE IN THE COURTS OF THE CALIPHS--
AND HE HAS DECEIVED FAR SHREWDER
MEN THAN YOUR SCURVY CUTTHROATS!



SOON AFTERWARD...

NOW COMES THE TEST! UNLESS
I PLAY MY PART WELL... THE
**RED ROVER IS AS GOOD
AS SCUTTLED!**

REMEMBER,
BE ON GUARD
...AND BLAST HIM
TO HIS TRIPES AT
THE FIRST SIGN OF
TREACHERY!

ABOARD THE RED ROVER...

LOOK AT 'EM, DUKE... **THE
COLORS OF SPAIN!** THAT'S
ALL THE CHALLENGE WE NEED,
MATE... **GIVE THE ORDER
FER A BROADSIDE!**

HOLD YOUR
FIRE! THEY'VE
VEERED TOO OPENLY...
THERE'S A BOAT PUTTING
OUT... AND SKEWER MY
CARCASS IF I CAN
GUESS WHAT'S
BEHIND IT!

ODDS DOLPHINS... WHO'D BELIEVE IT?
THE FIRST SEA LORD HIMSELF IS IN
THE SAME BOAT WITH THOSE SWABS
...AND THAT MEANS **PEACE!** IT'S
ENOUGH TO MAKE AN OLD SEA DOG
LIKE ME TAKE SERVICE WITH THE BLOODY
HANDED INFIDELS OF BARBARY!

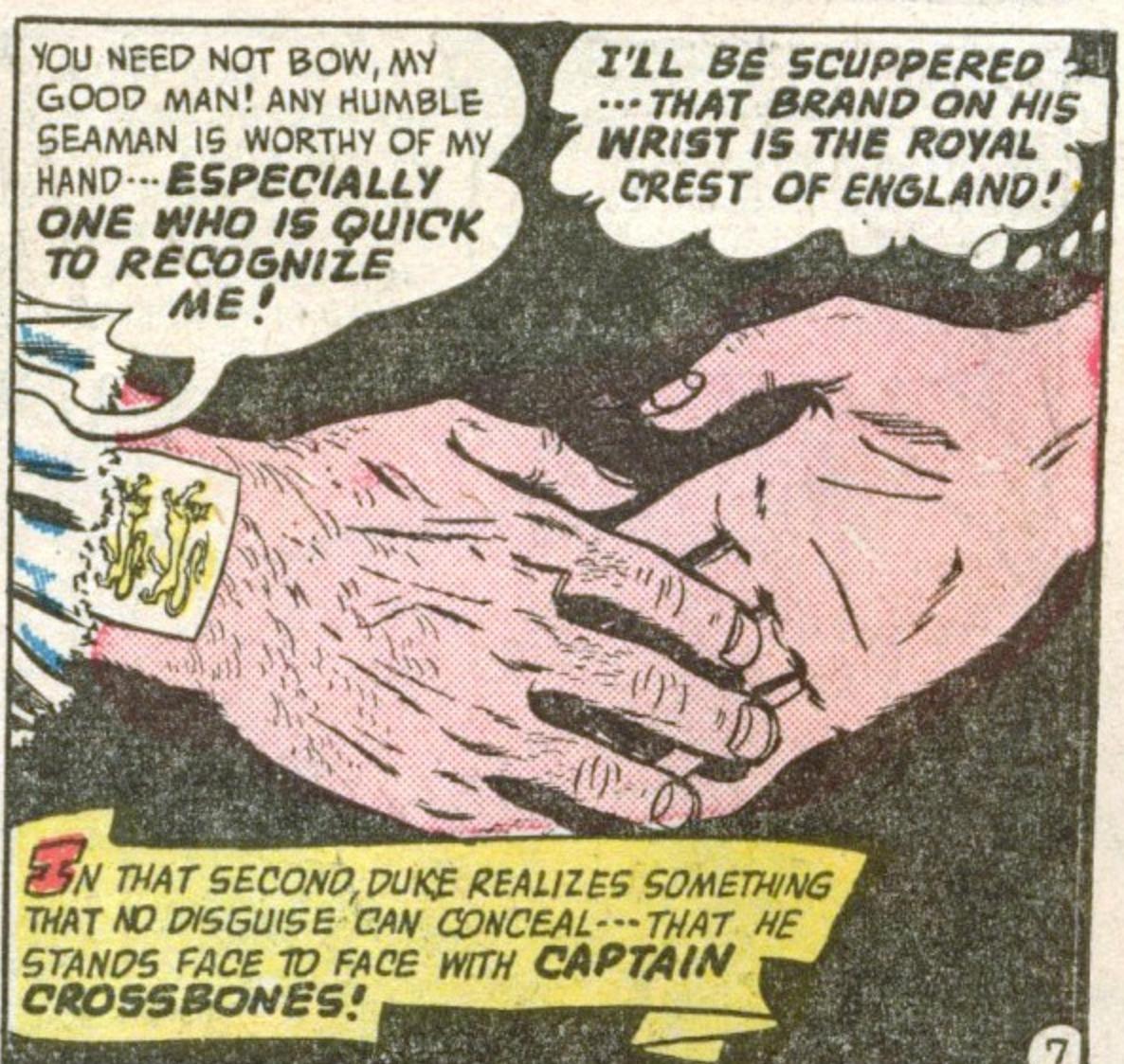


NO TRICKS, CROSSBONES
...OR YOU DIE ON YOUR
OWN DECK!

AS SECOND IN
COMMAND, MILORD
...I BID YOU WELCOME
TO THE **RED
ROVER!**

YOU NEED NOT BOW, MY
GOOD MAN! ANY HUMBLE
SEAMAN IS WORTHY OF MY
HAND... **ESPECIALLY
ONE WHO IS QUICK
TO RECOGNIZE
ME!**

I'LL BE SCUPPERED
...THAT BRAND ON HIS
WRIST IS THE ROYAL
CREST OF ENGLAND!



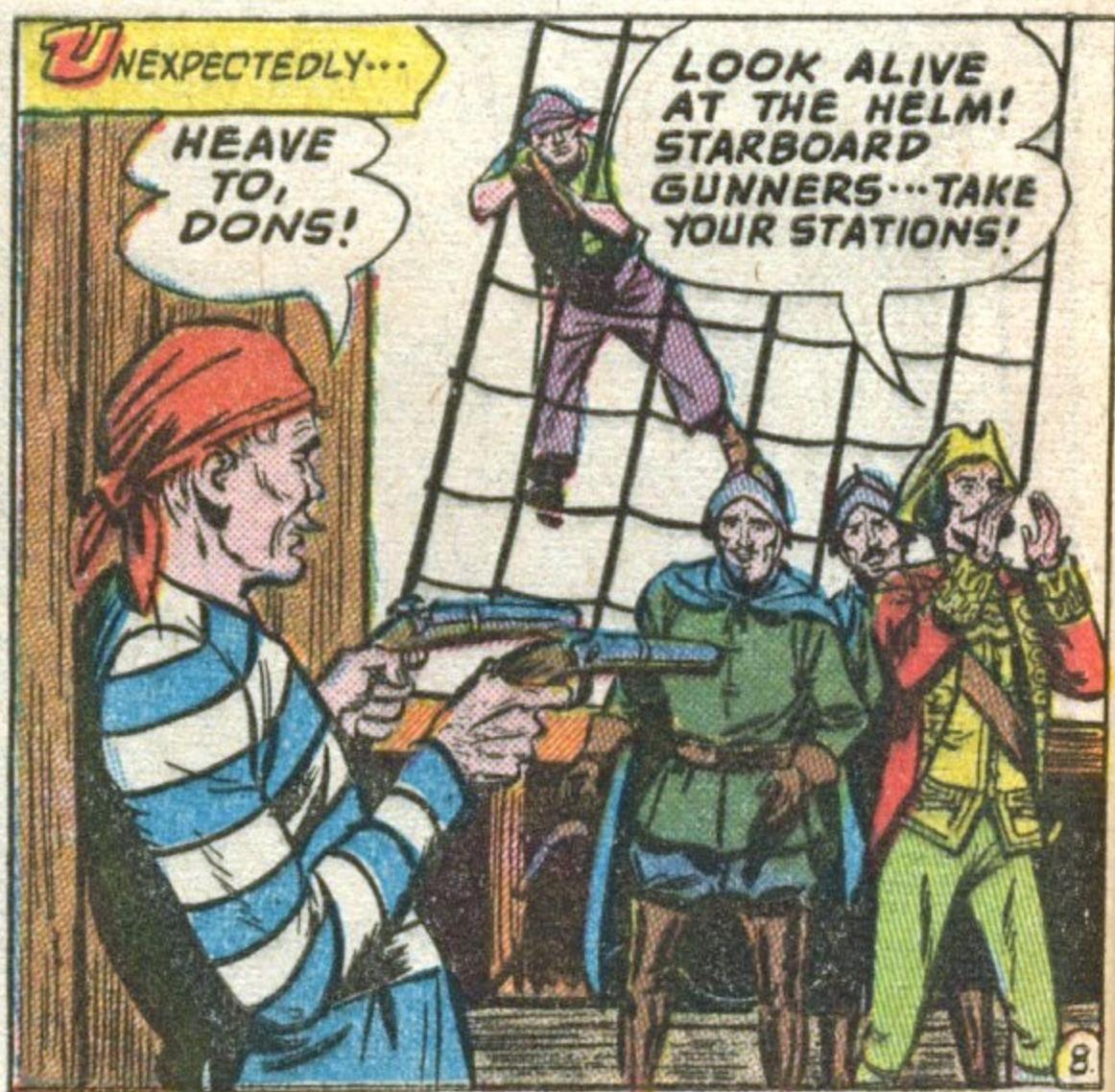
IN THAT SECOND, DUKE REALIZES SOMETHING
THAT NO DISGUISE CAN CONCEAL-- THAT HE
STANDS FACE TO FACE WITH **CAPTAIN
CROSSBONES!**

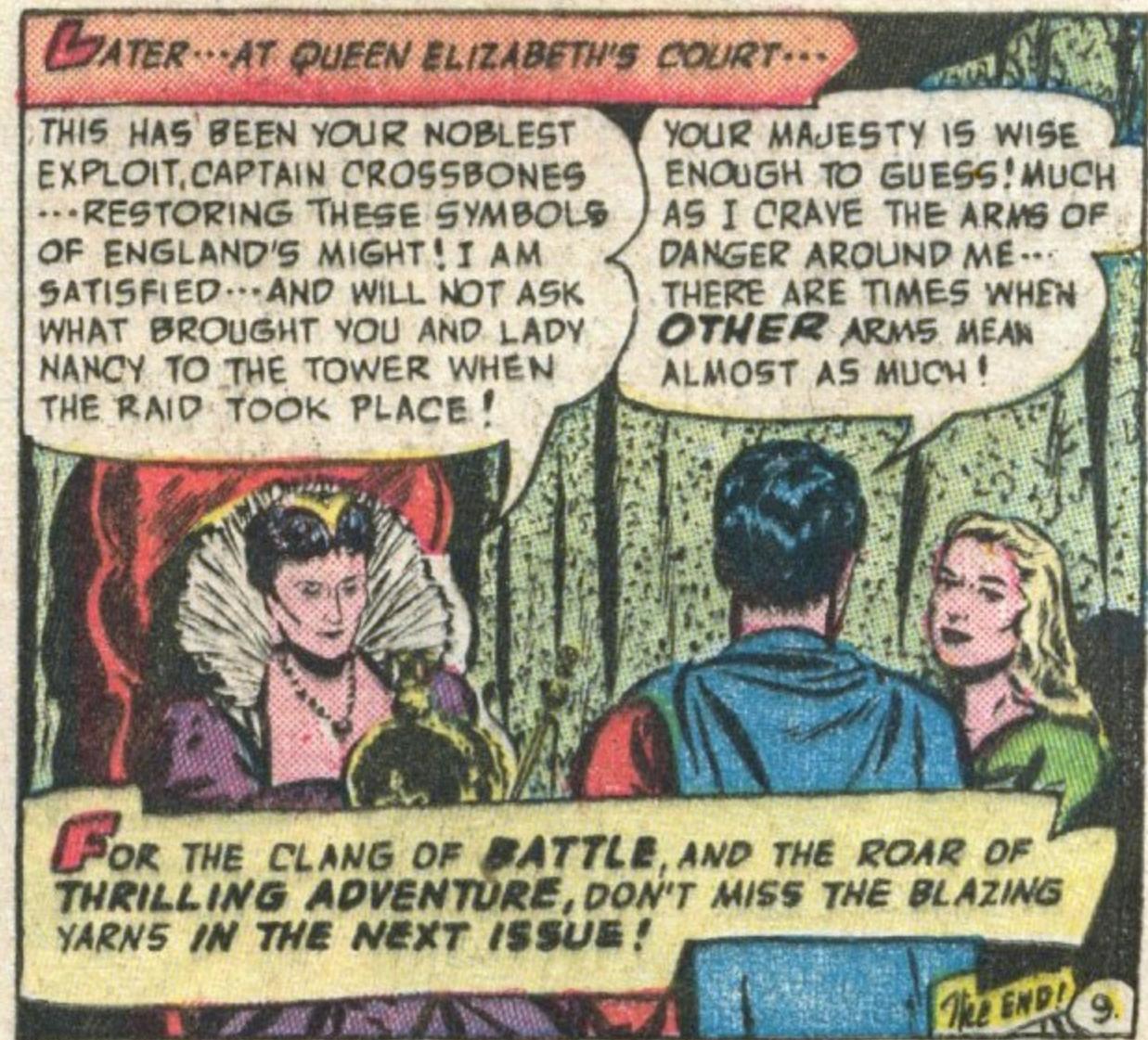
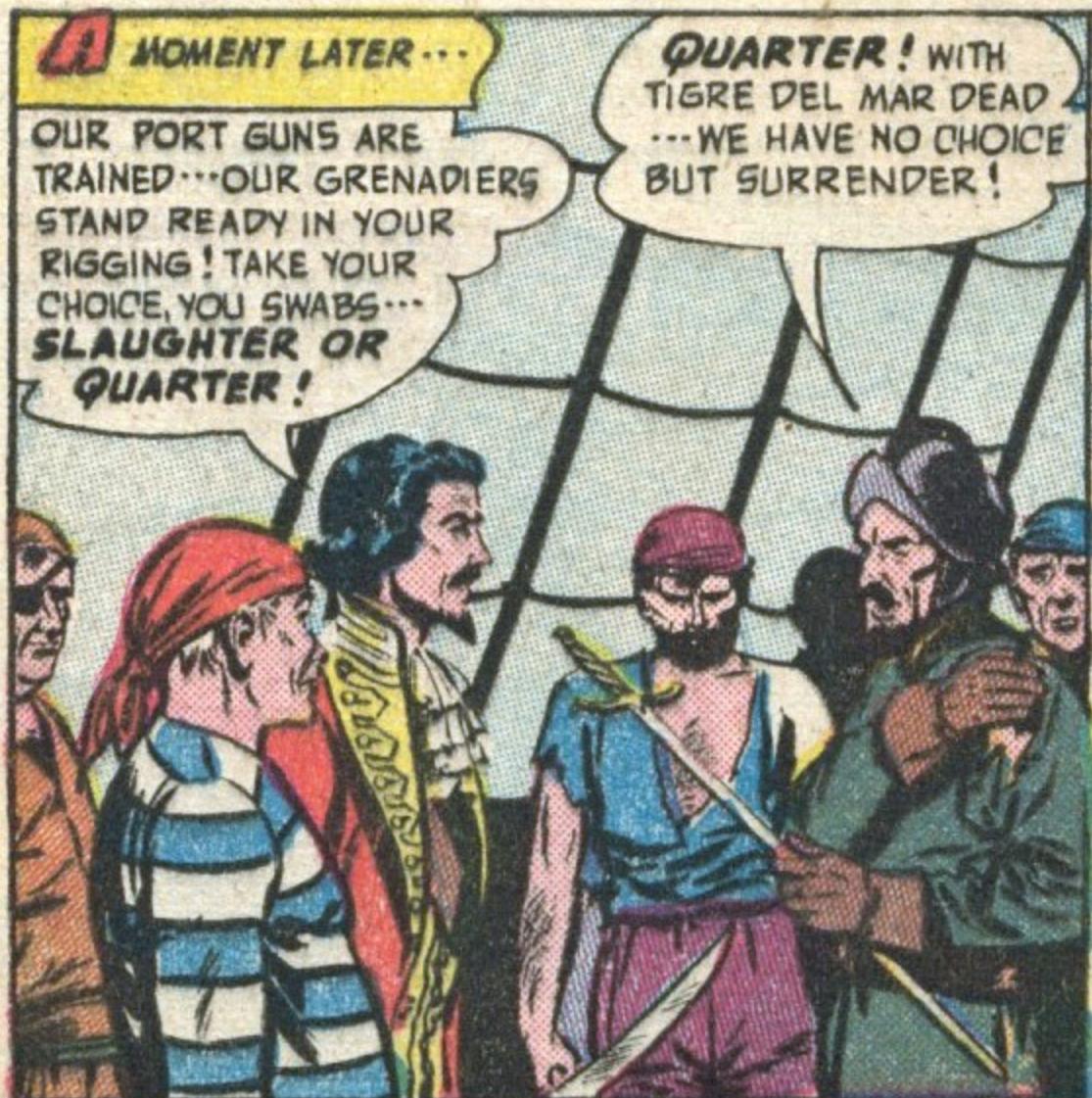
I AM GLAD OUR SPANISH FRIENDS HAVE VEERED CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR MY VOICE, MILORD ... BECAUSE I HEARTILY WISH THEM TO KNOW HOW PLEASED WE ARE TO HAVE YOU ABOARD! WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

I FEAR THE JOLLY ROGER IS AN INSULT TO THE ROYAL COLORS OF SPAIN! IT MUST BE LOWERED AS A SIGN OF RESPECT ... AND RETURNED TO THE MASTHEAD ... IN SUCH A WAY THAT YOUR CREW WILL UNDERSTAND THE PRESENT SITUATION!

PICKLE ME CARCASS ... IF HIS LACE-TRIMMED LORDSHIP AIN'T OVER-QUICK TER MAKE US DIP OUR COLORS!

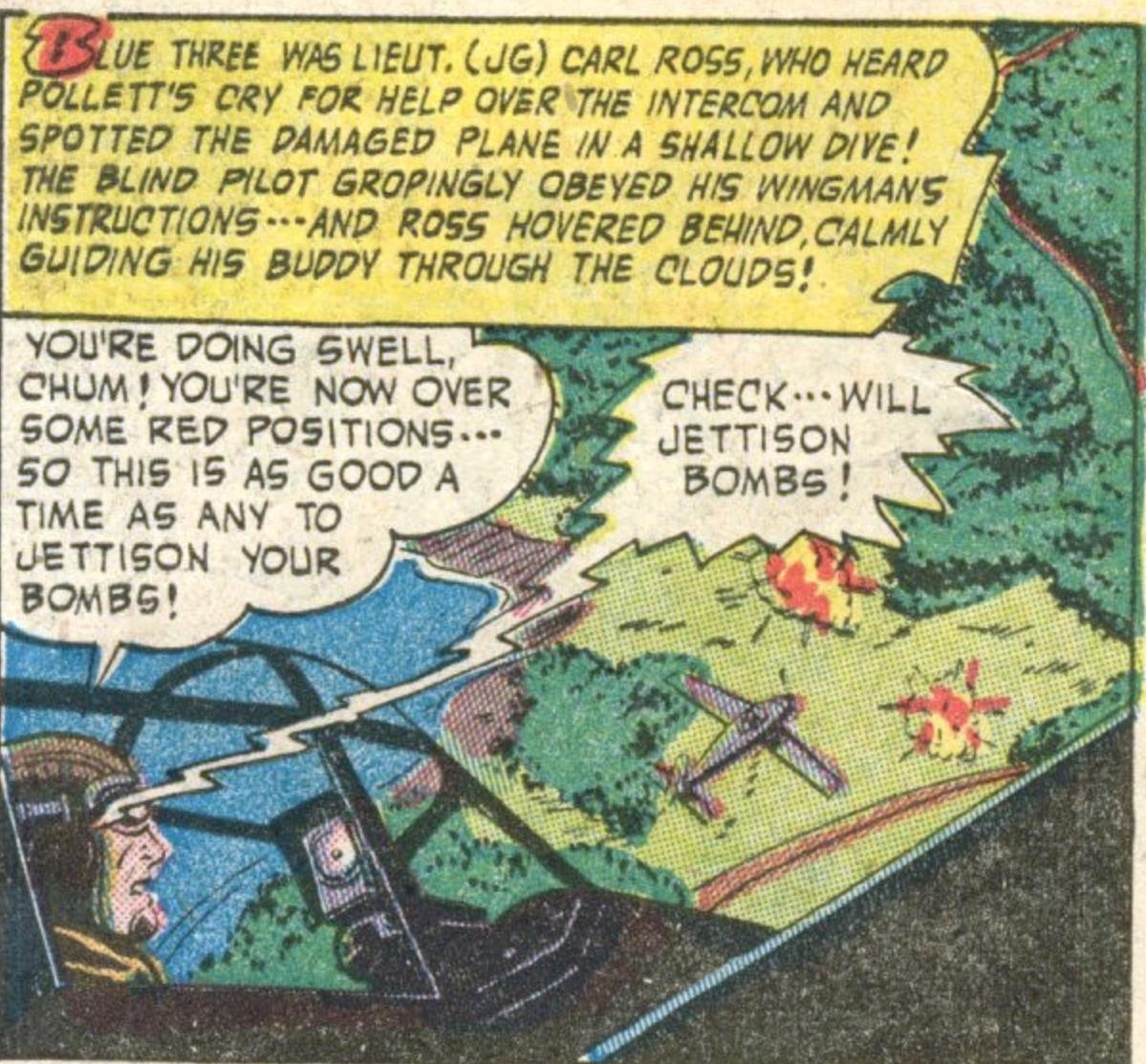
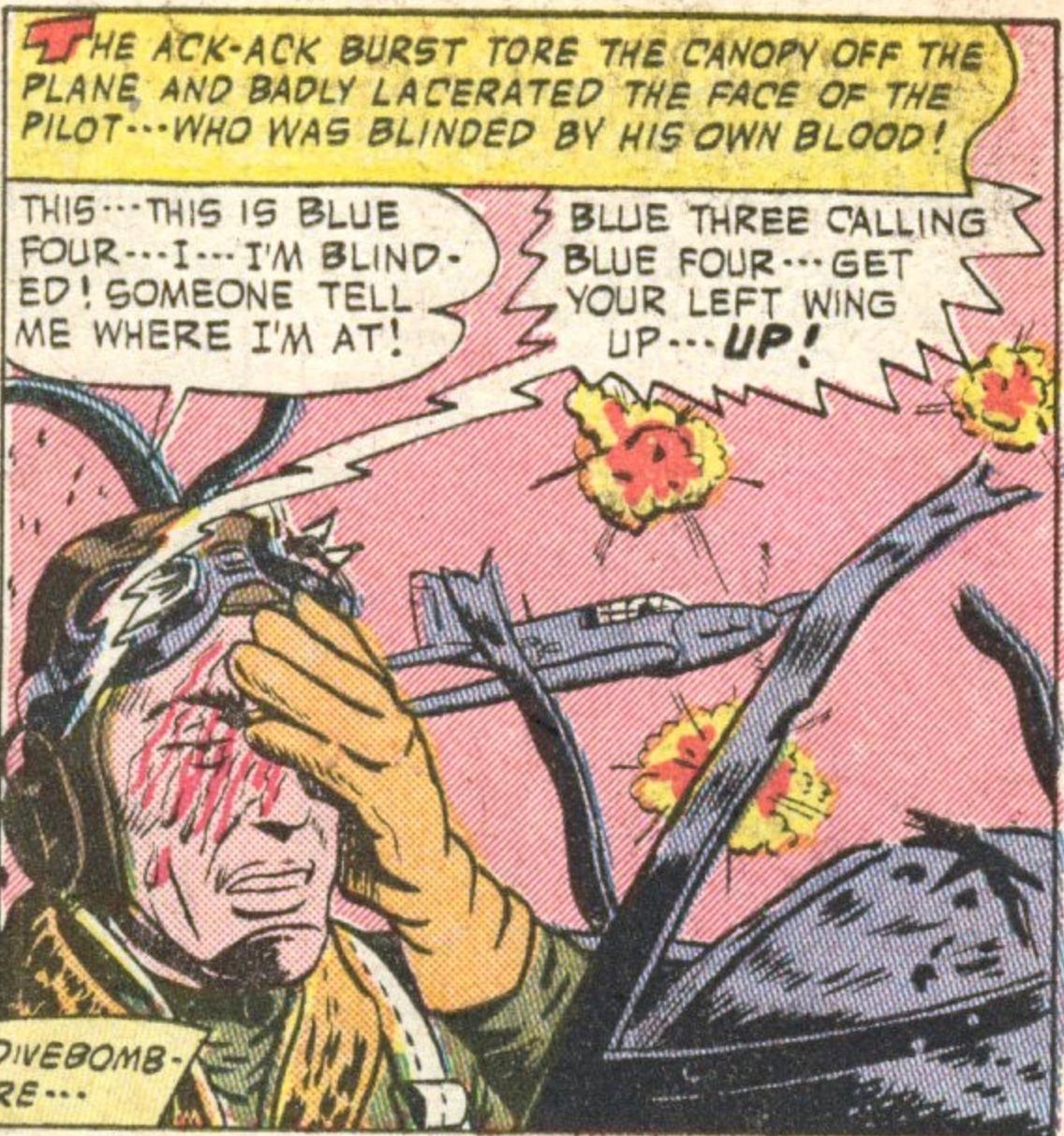
AY! IT'D BE A DIFFERENT STORY IF CROSSBONES WAS ABOARD ... INSTEAD OF A COURTY JACK-ANAPES WILLING TER DANCE TER THE SPANISH TUNE!





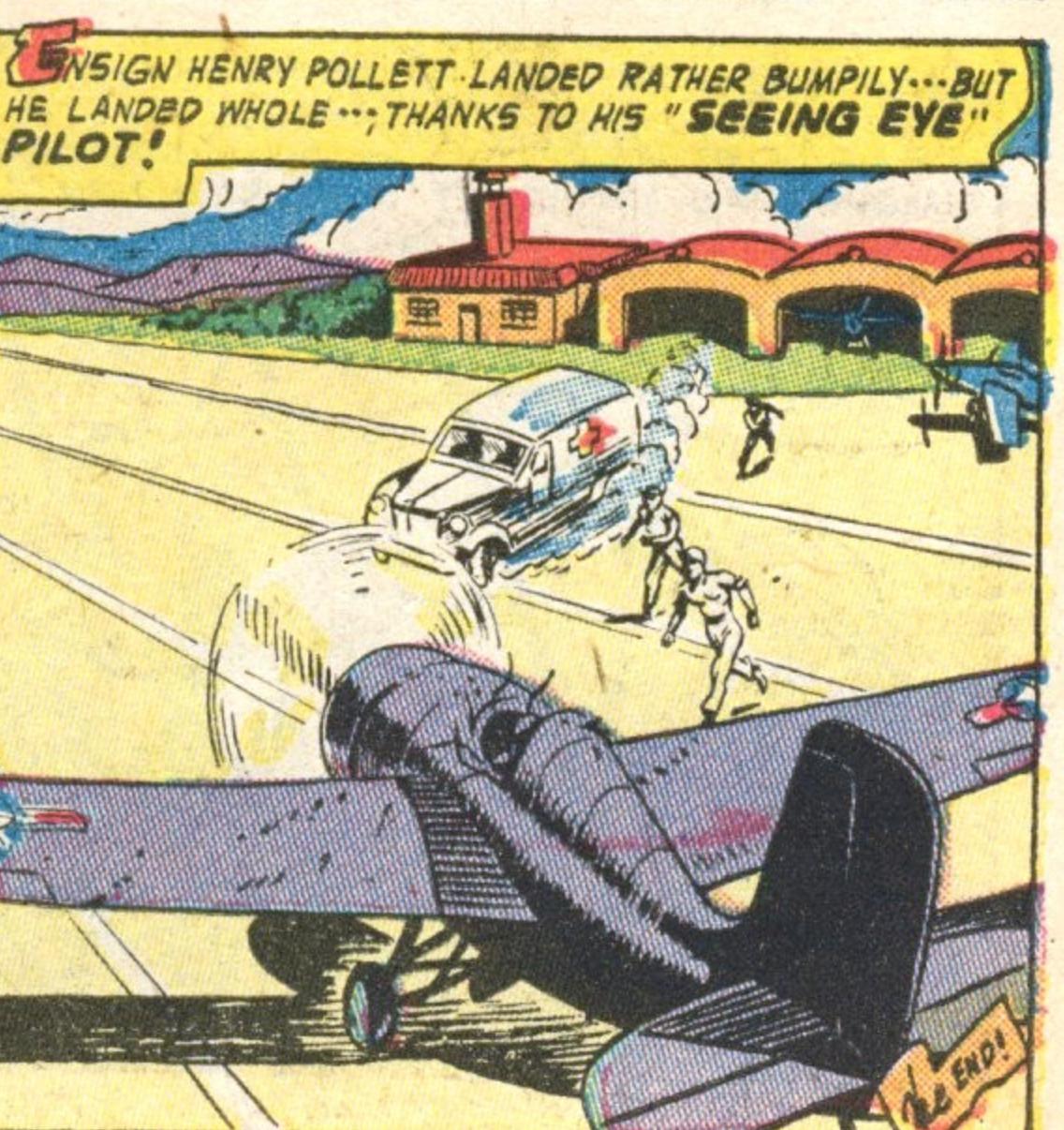


ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL INCIDENTS OF THE KOREAN WAR OCCURRED THE DAY ENSIGN HENRY POLLETT, FLYING A SKYRAIDER DIVEBOMBER OFF THE CARRIER VALLEY FORGE, WAS HIT BY COMMUNIST GROUND FIRE...



REALIZING THAT THE WOUNDED PILOT WOULDN'T BE SWAYED, LT. ROSS RODE HERD ON THE TAIL OF THE BATTERED SKYRAIDER...AND LANDED IT ON THE EMERGENCY U.N. AIRSTRIP KNOWN AS KING FIFTY JUST AS THOUGH HE WERE SETTING HIS OWN PLANE DOWN!

FLAPS DOWN...NOSE HER DOWN SOME MORE...RIGHT WING UP... UP...HOLD HER STEADY...THROTTLE BACK MORE...THAT'S GOT IT! YOU'RE NOW ABOUT SIX FEET OVER THE RUNWAY...SET HER DOWN EASY!



ENSIGN HENRY POLLETT LANDED RATHER BUMPILY...BUT HE LANDED WHOLE...THANKS TO HIS "SEEING EYE" PILOT!

ME END!

You Can WIN
This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S
is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

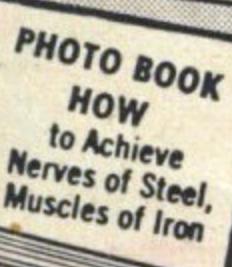
SPINDLE-
ARMED SISSY below
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**

the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add
6½ inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

FREE



GEORGE
F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME

10
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says George F. Jowett World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN



NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

BOTH **FREE** FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
—R. F. Kelley
Director
Physical

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK
NOW

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN

from Head to Toe
as **YOU**
can be
soon!

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!



Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

Buy Now at our Low Low PRICES!

Hi! I'm **GINGER!**
the Doll whose HAIR
YOU CAN WAVE!

I have
RUBBER
WONDERSKIN!



FREE HAIR WAVE KIT



NEW!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!

complete

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NURS-A-DOLLY

COMPLETE
NURSING
SET

BOTTLES-NIPPLES



MEASURING
CUP



FUNNEL



- She drinks; She wets!
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- 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother — this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper... comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle; formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. SEND NO MONEY (C. O. D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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Specially
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at only
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WATER IN THE
LOOP?



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What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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Cowboy"

REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist — in a jiffy! Imagine — you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head — watch his lips move — hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks — rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties — at school! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



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Address _____ City _____ State _____